
[1]

>be three years ago, Christmas Eve.
>spending the evening with my side of the family with husband.
>at grandparents', my childhood home, never liked the place.
>there out of obligation, these people are not good people.
>same passive-aggressive/slightly unnerving plastic behavior all night.
>grandmother wants us to go upstairs to 'see the rooms', which have not changed since I lived there.
>people finally start going home.
>grandmother still pestering us to go check out the upstairs.
>everyone is gone now except for mother, grandparents, my husband and I.
>grandmother REALLY wants us to head upstairs.
>husband and I check out the upstairs alone, everyone else stays downstairs.
>chatting as we go from room to room, nothing changed much in any of them.
>get to grandfather's upstairs office...
>...overwhelming smell of decay.
>not like grocery meat, but the distinct smell of a whole animal or body. Meat, innards, bowels, etc.
>nothing small, something at least medium dog sized, judging from experience via friends into taxidermy.
>we continue conversation normally to not make a scene while we carefully look around. Nothing.
>loading nope.exe
>we head downstairs after our two minute tour, keeping casual as though nothing is wrong, still chatting, but I'm intent upon bringing up the smell.
>we immediately find all three of them, mom and grandparents, standing very quiet and very still, staring up the staircase.
>remembering the look in their eyes, it almost looked as

though they were trying to read us for something.

>looked pretty malicious.

>recall how bad grandmother wanted us to go upstairs.

>all three go into immediate plastic mode, like nothing happened.

>nope'd straight out of there, never bring up the smell.

>ended up being the 'last straw' situation that finally drove me to cut off contact with them, haven't spoken to them since.

[2]

I grew up in Alaska. I was born there, and didn't move down to the mainland until I was 12. My mother and father weren't from there, but had been living there for almost a decade before I was born.

Anyway, this happened when I was 10. My father and I had just finished a day of visiting some friends of his who live out in the wilderness a bit, and the road home took us through some forest. It's in November, so there's already plenty of snow, and it's really dark in general. It's also around 10:30 pm. He's driving and I'm in the passenger seat. It's one, two lane road with woods on either side. As we're driving, I notice something out of the corner of my eye that makes my heart stop. On the right side of the road, in the trees, briefly illuminated by the headlights, is a man.

He's clearly visible between the trees. He's lumbering quickly through the snow towards the road, with his arms stretched out. Not in a menacing way, it's like he's desperately trying to reach us. Jesus Christ, his face. He looked almost frozen, his beard covered in ice. His eyes were wild, sunken in. His mouth was opened in what seemed like a silent scream.

I immediately scream as the car passes him. covering my face in my hands. My dad looks at me, and asks me what's wrong. All I can get out is that's there was a man trying to get to us on my side of the road. My dad puts the car in reverse, while locking the

doors and pulling his Glock out of the glovebox. We quickly get back to where, I saw him, and he's gone, there aren't even any tracks in the snow. My dad slightly rolls, his window down, and calls out, "Does anyone need help?" No one answers, so we drive away. My dad is wearing a grimace now, and it's my turn to ask him what's wrong. He replies, puzzled, that he feels really sad but he has no idea why. He assures me that I must have seen a tree and mistaken it for a person.

We get home about half an hour later. My mom is already sleeping, but I don't feel like sleeping whatsoever, so I get some stale coffee out of the pot. I'm not supposed to drink coffee, especially at night. My father sits by me, and asks me if I wanted to stay up because I was scared of what I thought I saw. I tell him I DID see a scary guy in the trees. He humors me, and asks me to describe the man.

I describe him as best I could, and my father's face goes white. He wakes my mother up, and asks her if she's ever shown me a picture of "Mark". She hadn't, I didn't know any Mark. My dad comes out of the room with a picture, and asks me if it's the man I saw. I immediately reply in the affirmative. It's the man from the woods, albeit much healthier, in high spirits next to my dad. Mark had been a good friend of my father, and had died a year after I was born. Nobody had ever told me about him.

He went missing, and was found weeks later in the woods, after his car was discovered on the side of the road. He had frozen to death five miles from his car. No one knows if he got lost, or if he went out there to die. My dad hugs me tight for several minutes, then helps himself to some coffee. My mother is brought up to speed, and is understandably freaked out. The three of us stay up all night watching Arnold Schwarzenegger movies together, to take our minds off of it I guess.

My father doesn't like talking about it, but he won't refuse to, and admits that it made him a believer in the paranormal. That's the spookiest story I have, and my only paranormal experience.

[3]

>be with friends
>at historical house
>back when all my friends had flip phones
>potato quality camera
>wandering around house
>find creepy old doll
>literally Annabelle tier doll
>but actually scary
>anyway
>buddy is taking photos
>takes one of a room
>the doll's ghostly silhouette is superimposed on the photo
>it was the same room in the background so no way he
downloaded it
>actually I don't even think his phone could do that
>nor could his phone edit images
>to this day I still wonder
>I have literally no explanation

[4]

>be me, saturday night
>covered in leaning tower of pizza (boxes)
>movie marathon
>power suddenly goes out
>explosively goes out
>just as the tv flashes I see a dude sitting on the floor in front of
my TV

[5]

>be me plus two friends
>decide to go out for night walk
>walk for about an hour and a half
> one friend decides to yell "I love you" at a random parked car
>hear response yelled back from truck bit not sure what was said
>me and other friend tell him to stop being a moron
>we start heading back after reaching cause kinda bored by now
>see truck pull out of parking lot where friend was a moron
>get spooked right away cause what if they thought coming for us
>we decide to use back routes to get back so it would be harder to follow
> truck drives past several times
> we spend the next two hours walking through fields to avoid road as much as possible
> see truck shortly after crossing each road like they were tracking us
> finally lost the truck and arrived back at friends house
>don't go out for night walks without a knife ever anymore

[6]

>Last year
>my father and wife and sisters left to the beach 800 km away
>I stayed home like a guardian
>I'm used to this, I like being alone for a couple of days
>third day of having a blast
>house is huge
>paranormal stuff never happens
>only weird noises but because the house is made 90% of wood
>upstairs playing pool by myself
>hear voices downstairs
>freak out and stay silent and motionless

>now I only hear my own heartbeat in my ears
>alrighty then
>get in position to keep playing
>voices again, louder
>stay still again, trying to hear
>silence once again
>I think that maybe I'm crazy
>all of a sudden hear this woman laugh and what seems like a party downstairs
>ALRIGHT
>come down making as much noise as possible trying to get momentum
>nobody's home
>all doors locked. Same with windows
>what in the world
>all of a sudden hear one of my dogs howl in the backyard (my dogs are not allowed to enter btw)
>my dogs also NEVER howled before
>I grab the biggest knife I have and go outside running
>both my dogs are asleep and didn't even heard me going outside
>come inside and hear a loud noise coming from upstairs
>alright, now I'm just in panic mode
>go upstairs
>shaking
>check everywhere
>everything is normal
>spend the rest of the day trying to calm myself down
>went to sleep next day when the sun came up



>don't remember my age, but it was something like 10 - 15 years
>be visiting pic related, Yeo House, Prince Edward Island, Canada
>On a guided tour w/ parents
>In the kitchen (first room of tour) massive three-inch-thick solid oak door just slowly closes on the other side of the room for seemingly no reason
>(NOT THE NOPE - pretty sure it was just drafts that time)
>Tour guide (jokingly): "That's just the resident ghost - we call him the Man Upstairs."
>(Note that the kitchen was on the ground floor)
>Later
>Get super bored with watching an old lady spin wool, sneak away from tour group & go exploring
>Find a stairwell blocked off by a rope & an 'Employees Only' sign
>go upstairs, then up a really steep stairway (almost a ladder) to the tower room visible in pic related.
>It's ice cold to the point I could see my breath
>For reference, it was at least 25 degrees C outside
>linger for awhile, feel uneasy and turn to leave, get to the top of ladderstairs
>Very distinctly feel a pair of hands push me in the center of my back
>stumble a few steps but stabilise myself on a handrail
>hurry back down to public areas
>~1hr later

>pass presumably break room, pair of tour guides with coffee.
Overhear bit of conversation:
>Tour Guide 1 (dead serious): "The Man Upstairs seems to have been unusually pissed off for the last half hour or so."
>Guide 2 (equally serious): "Can't imagine why. We have his area blocked off."
>NOPE.

[8]

>dark outside
>walking home from bus stop
>decide to take shortcut through secluded backstreet
>deep woods to the right and many houses in a row all with dogs on the left
>about half-way through a dog comes out to bark at me
>slightly startled because of general spookiness, but used to it.
>more dogs come out to bark at me
>kind of weird, figure they are just upset because it's dark and other dogs are barking
>every dog on the street is going crazy
>maybe I smell weird or something
>pass under a street light, get a look at one of the dogs
>suddenly realize they aren't looking at me, but just behind me
>nope out, start sprinting, dogs continue to look about 10 feet behind me while howling bloody murder

[9]

>be 10 years old or so, ages ago
>summer camp with boy scouts
>we slept in a wooden cabin in the forest, a fireplace and a lake nearby

>spend days playing around the lake, skipping stones, kids do
>one day we are at the lake messing around
>a huge black mass rises from the water, then sinks back into it,
it looked like a whale's back if you know what I mean.
>it happened within 1 or 2 seconds, only a few kids saw it
>nope.ogg
>we run to the group leaders and tell them what happened
>they don't believe us
>that evening they tell us to pack our belongings
>apparently there was a misunderstanding with the owner of the
cabin and we couldn't stay any longer.
>spend the rest of the summer camp somewhere else

I was dumb back then, so I didn't realize that what the camp leaders told us that evening was a load of crap. I told my parents what I saw when I got home, but they didn't really care.

>years pass and I kinda forget about what we saw at the lake
>one day, driving by myself in my dad's car
>suddenly realize the area around me is familiar
>turn into a dirt road leading to the cabin
>most of the area still looks the same
>the cabin was still in good shape, as was the fireplace
>No one was there but it looked like this place was still in use
>remember the lake and decide to drive further up the dirt road

You know that feeling when an old memory you didn't even realize you forgot suddenly comes back with the force of a thousand suns? That's what happened to me right there.

>arrive at lake and get out of my car
>there's a fence with barbed wire on top all around the lake,
making it impossible to get near the water
>signs on the fence that say 'no entry, criminal offense
blablabla...'
>get chills down my spine
>nope.ogg for the second time in my life at the same place
>get in my car and get away from there
>haven't been back there since, don't exactly know the location

of the cabin either

[10]

>ten years ago
>maybe 12 hours before my father died
>he was diagnosed with cancer, and died within two months of diagnosis
>my mother is in the kitchen
>dad is napping in the living room
>I was doing something in the hallway
>dad suddenly starts screaming
>yelling for my mom
>pretty angrily
>we run into living room
>he tells my mother "Don't you ever do that again!"
>she asks "What?"
>he says "You know what, don't you ever walk next to me in that long black wig!"
>we were alone at home

I'm pretty sure he saw death.

[11]

Didn't happen to me, but I was present at the time it did.

>At the mall helping my mom with some shopping
>Before we came in, she had to charge her phone in the car since it was dead
>Fast forward in one of the stores
>She gets a text from her friend
>"What movie?"

- >She wears that "what the..." face
- >Doesn't know what her friend is talking about
- >Looks at her previous messages
- >Finds out that she apparently sent a message to her friend
- >"I'm at the movie theater."
- >Except, she never sent that message
- >Her phone was dead at the time the message was sent

When I saw the message, I first thing I noticed was that the sentence format and punctuation were identical to my mom's, like someone was trying to imitate her writing style. Has anyone had this similar experience?

[12]

- >be watching friend's house during winter
- >girlfriend has recently told me story about hearing her sister's voice outside her window one night
- >she said it got increasingly more angry each time it called her name
- >terrified
- >be laying on the couch at like 2:00 am
- >trying to get to sleep and the dog won't stop bothering me
- >horrible little Shi-Tzu won't stop growling, barking and licking me
- >push it away
- >doesn't work
- >suddenly hear a voice from outside
- >sounds like my sister in a very pissy mood tell me to come outside
- >same tone she uses when she's pissed or late for something
- >shoot off the couch thinking there's been an emergency and I just wasn't checking my phone
- >see nothing outside the window aside from the street light
- >dog doesn't calm down all night
- >killme.jpg

[13]

>I was at my high school in the middle of the night walking around for no reason
>heard what we thought sounded like a cat crying, you know, that weird "aaaaaaooooo" sound they make
>walk over to investigate it
>hear it more clearly and make out the words "Can you see me?"
>clearly a young female voice
>we responded by saying hello and say we we couldn't see her
>just repeats the same words and make a few more cat noises
>assume it's just some weird girl messing with us and move on
>realize my phone is dead so I turn it on to check for messages
>get one from my gf asking me "At home, why did you ask?"
>no clue what she's talking about
>look above in conversation to see a message from me about 20 min before when my phone was off
>"Where are you?" sent twice to her

Still have no clue if any of this was connected but I sure as he'll didn't send that message.

[14]

>returning from a trip to New Mexico with family
>family decides to drive through Roswell for fun
>only spooky occurrences were the prices
>late night by the time we drive out
>get about 2 miles away
>suddenly pick up a weird radio transmission
>woman talking in a very soft voice
>entire car goes quiet to listen
>she was speaking very quickly but we managed to pick out "We

are not clean. we are not clean. Remember that we are not clean."

>new woman talking after 10 minutes of soft mumbling
>new woman crying about her daughter and how the devil has taken her
>first woman still reminding us we're not clean
>women discuss possible ways of cleansing devil daughter
>jesus christ we picked up a whacko Christian cult station
>stay tuned in until we finally get out of range
>quiet ride all the way back home

[15]

At the start of my 2nd year of college (I was 19), I moved into a sort of cookie-cutter community with a few roommates from work. It wasn't a very old place, maybe 10 years old at most. We all had experiences in that house that made us question... sanity, spirituality, the afterlife... lots of questions.

My solo experience:

>home alone taking shower
>always set music playing in room and could faintly hear it through the adjoining wall
>5min into shower, shampoo in eyes so they're squeezed shut
>hear what sounds like a middle-aged man say a single phrase just inside the doorway of the bathroom
>strangest thing... voice sounded clear as day and yet I can't for the life of me figure what was said.
>freak out
>override my instinct to avoid pain and open my eyes to see no one there
>always kept all the doors locked even when home because we were surrounded by heroin addicted neighbors that knew no boundaries
>locked bathroom door too

This was what did it for me. Ever since I was young I've always had an almost unhealthy interest in the paranormal, but I did my level best to debunk anything I experienced. I couldn't figure it out. I've had LOTS of sleep paralysis and this was nothing like it. I was wide awake and fairly alert, and sober at the time (it should be noted that my roommates and visitors liked to mess with each other during especially vulnerable times, so I was always especially alert during showers and when I had women over).

[16]

- >Around the age of 14
- >Be at home alone playing vidya
- >Family is at various places
- >Brother comes home
- >He talks to me, I even look him in the eyes, he makes a sandwich and enters his room
- >One hour later he comes home again together with mom
- >Confused, I ask him if he didn't come home alone just an hour ago
- >"What? I have been at a friend's place for this entire day, and mom just picked me up."
- >Wat.jpg
- >No one is inside his room
- >Butter, cheese and bread is on our table

[17]

- >Taking dog for a walk at night
- >As we leave, I hear what sounds like a bicycle behind me
- >Look back and see nothing, shrug it off
- >Continue walk

>Go up a few streets and decide to turn
>About 1/4 way down street see a dog in the distance run across street and stop halfway
>Pause to look at it, decide that it must be a stray or a coyote maybe
>Figure I will try and get closer since if it's a stray I don't want it to get hit or anything
>Jog about 1/2 way down road, dog in distance takes off rest of the way across the road
>Dogs in the yards on the street begin to freak out
>nope.jpg
>Look down at my dog, has big stupid grin
>If he isn't scared it can't be anything too serious
>Get closer to end of road, notice dogs in yard at the end are yelping more than barking
>Slow down and turn corner, nothing is there
>Go down to next street to see if I can see whatever it was, nowhere to be seen
>Dogs start to calm down, decide to continue walk
>Get to end of road, have uneasy feeling the entire way
>Keep looking behind me expecting to see something
>Decide we've gone far enough
>Cross to other side of road that is more lit up and start home
>Passing by a school we live by and some birds begin to go nuts
>One comes swooping down right next to me, stares at me a second then joins the others and flies into a tree
>Look at dog again, is sniffing at ground but still seems calm
>Ready to be home
>About a block away and the side we're on the sidewalk has a small bridge like thing where water can run under
>Take a step on and dog just stops
>Look at him and pull leash a little, he plants his feet in and refuses to follow
>Hair on neck starts to stand up
>Decide we will cross the street instead of going over
>Get to other side
>Look under bridge part as we pass
>Something dark hunkered underneath it
>nopenopenope

>Dog takes off running
>I gladly follow
>We sprint the rest of the way home
>Dog hiding between my legs as I unlock door
>As soon as I open door he bolts inside and I follow

After that he laid in the kitchen and would slightly wimper now and then for a couple hours and I had a general uneasy feeling.

[18]

>maybe 8-10 years old
>at a family reunion
>chilling with older kids upstairs
>watch them play Mortal Kombat for a while
>they get called down for food
>I stick around for whatever reason
>"I'm going to get you."
>voice coming from a small closet
>half of it slides open and closed
>think it's one of my cousins messing with me
>I walk over
>look inside
>there's no one in there
>step out
>look under the bed
>nobody
>realization kicks in
>I bolt

That was at least 11 years ago, but I still remember it. Jesus Christ.

[19]

>be me at 15 at family gathering
>later that night hanging with my 11 year old cousin
>we're off on our own in huge house
>playing computer games on third floor, far away from others
>cousin leaves to get something from the kitchen
>I leave to take a piss
>on the way I see my cousin standing at end of hallway leading to attic
>all lights off, nobody had been there all night
>I call to him, crack a joke, laugh
>he doesn't move, doesn't speak, no facial expression whatsoever
>I assume he's messing around and say something jokey
>he silently turns and walks around corner into attic, no lights on
>door creaks shut
>I head to bathroom but am intercepted by my cousin bouncing up stairs from opposite direction
>terrified.exe
>"Who was I just talking to?"
>cousin laughs and accuses me of trying to scare him
>I insist I'm being sincere
>we both get legitimately scared
>immediately head two floors down to rest of family
>that family sold house following summer for unknown reasons

It was absolutely horrific, completely devoid of emotion.

[20]

>be me in elementary school
>sleeping in bed
>wake up in middle of night after having a nightmare
>freaked out from my nightmare, wonder if my dad is awake

>hear footsteps coming from down the hallway
>"Thank god, I hope my dad checks in on me before leaving."
>hear doorknob turning
>turn over in bed and face door
>door slowly opens
>no one is there
>eyes widen, start to feel horrified
>door slams shut
>silence
>never heard the house so quiet before
>so terrified that I can't move
>get this feeling that something is in the room
>ohgodohgod
>fly out of bed
>throw open my door and bolt down the hallway
>go into bathroom, turn on the lights, lock the door behind me
>sit in bathtub for like 20 minutes just trying to calm down
>finally go out of bathroom
>go into my parents' room
>my mom and dad are both asleep
>decide to go back to my room
>turn lights on, check under bed, check closet
>all clear
>maybe the wind blew my door open
>check window, it's closed and locked, calm outside
>stay awake in my room with the lights on all night

[21]

>be about 19 and my brother says "Hey, there's tracks coming out of the neighbor's house."
>neighbours house has been abandoned for 3 years
>foot prints lead out of neighbors house onto my back porch
>foot prints aren't human
>there are no other set of foot prints leaving or entering the yard, they just go from the house to my back porch

>later that night be hanging out with brother
>we decide to go downstairs to get some food
>go to kitchen which is attached to the back porch
>turn light on in kitchen
>the second the light flicks on we hear something POUND the door as hard as it possibly can

[22]

>Up at cottage, Northern Ontario
>Chilling in my room, bout 1am
>Hear dog freak out
>Parents get up and walk outside
>Curiosity sends me after them
>Scare parents half to death being all sneaky like
>They tell me they heard something breaking into our shed
>No one is brave enough to go check cause we all thought it was a bear or something
>There was garbage in shed so we assumed it was after it
>I finally go in and open door, garbage still there
>Dad assumes robber
>Nothing stolen
>We all NOPE'd outta there

>Next morning
>Dad says whatever it was ripped the shed door off its hinges
>Door is already re-hinged via my dad
>Expect massive bear claw marks
>Nothing but tiny scratch marks

[Pic was provided.]

Left with question, what is strong enough to rip a door off its hinges but leave no large claw marks? Nothing was stolen from the shed either, not even the garbage.

[23]

>On a hike with friends
>We are at this open spot, nice view, decide to have lunch
>Lady in the distance with a German Shepherd
>Lady is playing fetch with the dog for a while
>The dog runs off, the lady starts calling it
>Funny, the dog has the same name as me
>Except my friends all also heard their own name
>WUT
>Lady and dog walk off in the distance

[24]

>friend asks if he can help him take care of his grandpa since his parents are on holiday
>say ok, why not
>tells me he didn't want to be alone with him because his grandpa's mind has basically gone sour
>the house is a massive Victorian house, those things are huge and cold (I'm British)
>in room with his Grandpa and friend, he starts saying "DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD" friend laughs as he knows his grandpa is nutty
>he points at me "you're dead cellar cellar", smiles with his old man teeth
>friend keeps laughing, and I feign a laugh
>friend's bright idea: "Let's go down into the cellar and see the ghosts!"
>I agree because why not, that's my idea of fun
>go down stairs, then down another flight of stairs, kitchen
>downstairs looks like its stuck in the 80s, dusty, his parents obviously don't take care of the place, except where the grandpa stays

>we go in the cellar and I swear to you the door locks
>figure it's a latch or something, I try pushing it, friend laughs more since he's obviously used to the house

>Leads me down, it's all dusty, some tools and some CREEPY little door that looks like it's made for midgets or something, wall beside the door was obviously knocked down so there's no need for the door, it's just a huge dirty sheet covering the room that was supposed to be behind the tiny door

>like typical horror story fashion, lights go off, loud screaming behind the sheet, friend makes a noise like a startled pig

>I laugh, thinking it's his friend behind the sheet or something, then he grabs hold of my hand HARD

>This is weird for him, so he must be scared

>screaming goes on for 5 minutes and we're sitting down near the locked door

>I lean backwards on the door, it opens, we both run out of the house

>never knew if it was a friend of his scaring us, never really mention it again as we more or less stopped seeing each other often

His grandpa is long dead now though and the house is derelict and I have an urge to break in and go into the cellar again. Might do it with MORE than 3 friends and record it, although scary stuff never happens when you record.

The memory has only become more vivid now, and this happened 2 years ago, but it was probably just a prank after all.

[25]

>Junior year of college
>I'm living in a house with three of my closest friends for about a year now

>Tons of paranormal stuff happened in that house
>I would see shadow people about once or twice a month and I haven't seen any since I moved out a year ago
>One night I woke up because I felt like someone was watching me
>I open my eyes and see my friend Jake standing in my closet staring at me
>I have a phobia of people coming in my room while I'm sleeping so I always lock my door
>I stare at him for about ten minutes without moving
>I bite my tongue to make sure I'm not dreaming
>All of a sudden he vanishes
>I turn on my light and look but there is nothing in my closet
>I don't mention it to him and try to forget about it
>Like two or three weeks later we are talking about dreams
>Jake says a few weeks ago he had a dream that he was standing in my closet watching me sleep

[26]

>Be 12
>Living in the countryside
>Alone in my house with my friend
>It's summer so we decide to go for a walk through the fields behind my house
>We get to a farm that I usually visit
>To get to the farm you have to pass a big creepy rundown two story house with a barn beside it, you have to pass it to get to the farm, I've always kept away from it because I just got bad vibes from it
>The farm has dogs in cages for breeding, one was loose and was running around
>We played with it for a bit, then we left
>After a while of being back home we hear a dog barking
>The dog had followed us, we got on our bikes and quickly went back up with the dog in my arms

>The dog had been barking all the way up, but stopped and jumped out my arms as we got to the big house
>I got off my bike to pick the dog up, but I notice that my friend was frozen looking at the house
>I turned to see what he was looking at
>There was a black silhouette at each window of the two story building
>We just stare at them frozen until the door of the barn smashes shut
>We say to each other something along the lines of "Let's get out of here" and cycle as fast as we could back to my house

[27]

>be 10
>doing a handstand in my living room
>look at mom in kitchen while upside down
>see decaying woman in a white dress crawl into kitchen in upside down crab stance, grabs food off counter then crawls back down the hallway
>Nope.gifv

[28]

Not going to type every detail, but here's some highlights of the haunted house I lived in through high school:

>moved into house at 15 sometime in June of 2005
>was an older house, sturdy and had an interesting lay out
>my closet protruded from the walls
>mom had some seriously creepy sleep talking/walking issues where she would tell me some lady (who she later incoherently told me killed herself at my moms wedding) was in the house to

get me and take better care of me
>weird stuff like that for a week, then it stopped and she never remembered any of it

Flash forward like a year:

>find a part of my closet where the doors hang from on the inside has a couple 2x4's protruding, basically making a shelf
>no one knew about the shelf but me so I hid my first box of everything you didn't want someone to find, I hid up there
>continued using shelf till we moved out

Flash forward to 2008:

>just graduated high school
>parents bought a house the next town over
>everything moved out except for a couple of my things cause I stayed a couple nights in the empty house so I could get to work and what not
>last day there I walk through the house feeling all sentimental
>I mean, this house was the place of my first everything, and I loved that house very much
>remember my old hiding spot
>knew I had already cleared everything out but I figured, why not check again
>reach up there
>feel piece of paper
>piece of paper says (in little chicken scratch hand writing) "we hope this house brought you as much joy as it did for us. - September 2005"

Still have the letter to this day. My parents are freaked out by it. My friends tell me to burn it. I think it's a good omen. Who knows?

>be teenager, 13-15 somewhere in there
>house is at the top of a T intersection
>bedroom window at the front of house so I can see the entire street left right and straight
>3am or so, still awake cause it's summer
>lights off cause I was watching movie
>finish movie, get up to undress
>look out window
>see a man/thing which pretty much looks like that slender guy from Marble Hornets, but not in a suit just a silhouette
>standing in someone's front lawn, kinda lit up by a streetlamp
>It's pitch black in my room so I think "it's too dark in here, nothing can see me" like that movie Disturbia
>keep staring at the figure
>start to think it's a pole or something cause it's so still
>stare for about 45 seconds, no movement
>suddenly it walks
>looks basically like a human but taking abnormally large stride, like its legs were going past 90 degrees angle with each other on every step
>walks toward and left from me so it's getting closer but not actually going toward my house
>reaches the corner of the T, doesn't cross the road but instead turns around into the backyard of the corner house
>there's a fence
>it doesn't jump over the fence, it pulls itself up by its arms like it's doing parkour, but then just slides down the back so like its head would have hit the ground on the other side
>really weird
>can't see it after that

[30]

>in east TN
>live way up in the mountains
>lots of backroads

>get off work about 2 am
>me and friend decide to go driving down the backroads
>follow roads for about 2 hours
>see a little church at the end of the road (reminder this is the middle of nowhere in the mountains)
>one light is on in the basement area
>we pull up in the dirt driveway of the church, turn off the truck to piss and stretch
>after a few minutes basement light goes off in church
>we hear movement inside
>four people come running outside the church towards us
>screaming at the top of their lungs
>we hop in his truck, he throws it in 4 wheel drive, get out of there

Also:

>be me in east TN
>decide to go for a drive about midnight, been a stressful day and need to clear my head
>follow the same roads I always do but end up taking a wrong turn
>don't know the area but I figure "What the hell, I have my GPS if I get lost. I'll see where this goes."
>follow this road for about an hour, no houses in sight only the river on my left and the woods on my right
>see a little place to pull off at, decide to stop and turn on the GPS
>sitting in my car fiddling with GPS, see something out of the corner of my eye outside
>turn and look and I see the leaves moving like something was just there
>I nope out of there
>decide to go explore in daylight
>retrace my steps get to the stop off
>see a little footpath that leads into the woods, follow it
>bloody mattresses are strewn all throughout the side of the path
>get to a clearing in front of a cave
>bird bath covered in dried blood in the clearing

>look into cave, see nothing but darkness
>but I hear a sound like feet scrambling on the cave floor and a mix between a groan and a growl
>get out of there.

[31]

I'm reminded of the only white-out I was in alone.

>wednesday
>couple years ago
>American south, so no one is prepared
>wife is 6 hours away with parents
>planned to meet her but work until friday
>snow starts
>within 10 minutes boss calls and cancels work
>within 20 minutes no power
>within 30 minutes driveway and road are solid ice
>within an hour the house is freezing
>sitting in dark wrapped in a blanket
>hear the wind but mostly ears ringing from the sheer silence
>pitch black except for the lantern I use
>saving phone battery and laptop is dead
>after a few hours my thoughts get to me
>hear whispers outside my bedroom
>go out and hear them downstairs
>chase the whispers to the basement
>hear them upstairs
>go to bedroom
>curl up in bed around lantern til dawn
>read during the day
>cycle continues for 72 straight hours

[32]

>be me living in backwater Wisconsin town
>friend and I decide to go snowboarding in the local park
>town of 1000
>no one around, no cars
>we found a decent hill not too far from the road, but still in the woods
>there for maybe an hour
>friend sends my board down the hill, it disappears into the trees and brush
>cold, I wanna go home
>we look for the board, it disappeared
>as we look my friend stops, tells me to be quiet
>we both listen
>faintly on the wind we hear "help"
>wonder where that came from
>we start to venture further near the road
>hear faint sobbing/moaning
>we get to the street, completely abandoned except for a streetlight and cemetery across the road
>spooky atmosphere, but in Wisconsin you get used to it
>suddenly a fox darts out of the cemetery and into the woods right next to us
>hear nothing
>find the board
>leave

[33]

>middle of the night
>house sitting for my dad during a snow storm in northern Michigan
>house is deep into the woods, maybe 2 miles from the road
>standing overlooking the driveway in the garage
>turn around to go get a drink out of my car

>turn back around and there are shoe prints in the fresh snow where I was just looking

>completely impossible I did not notice this 11ft in front of me

>didn't hear anything

>NOPE NOPE NOPE

>go back inside and still to this day don't like being at my dad's house alone

[34]

>be around 9 or 10 years old

>just moved out of my old room and into my parent's old room so I could have more space for toys and stuff

>bed is against one wall, foot of the bed sticking out in the middle of the room

>room is on the second floor, can lay on my side and see out the window past the neighbor's house and watch the moon and stars
>this puts my back to the door to my room, one blocked off storage closet and one regular closet

>be a big horror fan but also a wimp, so my mind wanders and gets scared a lot

>could always brush it off by falling asleep with the radio or TV, something so I wasn't in complete darkness and silence

>eventually after a few weeks I start feeling a presence behind me

>back gets kind of warm, feels like I'm being watched

>radio doesn't help

>even TV doesn't help

>start having an awful time sleeping, more regular nightmares

>nightmares aren't anything specific or consistent

>try to sleep facing that direction, but always wuss out and hide under my blanket

>start pissing the bed again

>eventually after two or so weeks trying to be a big boy about it I tell my Mom

>she says she'll try and do something about it

>next couple of nights go better but still not great
>after that the presence goes away completely
>no more spooky scary feelings
>tell my Mom I'm doing much better and ask what she did,
expecting to find out my mother is either some Voodoo Witch
Doctor or super secret Catholic Priest Demon Hunter
>real Exorcist stuff
>tells me she took the Urn holding my Grandfather's ashes she
left in the closet before the room swap out and put it in her room
>feel guilty

Sorry Granpapa ;_;

[35]

>be 16 year old me
>not super religious but I frequently go to Youth Group as I'm
good friends with everyone
>We would always play games before we started discussions and
stuff
>Not super into games unless it was anything involving hiding
>In one of the churches childcare rooms is a smaller room with a
two way mirror
>I have NO idea why there was a two way mirror in there but I
thought it was the coolest thing ever to hide in there and watch
people try to find me
>One day in October they announce that they're gonna play
some hide and go seek type game in the dark
>They turn off ALL the lights in the church, it's around 6 or 7 so
it's already dark outside too
>Pretty much pitch black unless you're in a room with a window
or have your phone out
>Yes, mirror time
>First thing I do, I go to the mirror room and hide in there, this
other dude hides in there too
>He gets spooked out and leaves but I stay

>Several people go into childcare room, I see them but they can't see me and they don't find me
>10 minutes or so pass and I stop seeing people, I was dumb and didn't realize that they had probably stopped playing.
>I wait another 5 minutes in there
>Figure that I should probably make my way back to the main room (where they do worship and discussion and all that)
>As I get up to go I see something outside the mirror
>It's hard to see, the only light in the room was from a window that let in a little moonlight
>See what looks like a little girl walking around and picking up toys
>Be spooked but don't move, figure she can't see me because of the two way mirror
>Hope she just goes away
>Start praying, I ain't even believe in that stuff
>Little girl looks right at me through the mirror
>Creepy scowl
>She runs out of the room into the hall

I'm scared witless, but I get out of the closet and go out the same door she did (It was the only exit to the childcare room)

>Start sprinting towards the main room hoping not to see any weirdness
>Get turned around (this place was like a maze fully lit, it was hard to get around in the dark)
>Finally see the door to the main room and see light coming from under it
>"Thank you jesus"
>Sprint towards door and start hearing a crying sound coming from behind me
>NOPE
>Don't look behind me and just keep running
>Get in the door safe and sound, apparently they had all come back and hadn't noticed I was gone
>I enter the main room through the back while they're singing, no one notices me get there, except for this one girl Angelica
>She runs the soundboard when the guy who normally does it is gone

>We make eye contact and she looks as spooked as I am
>I figured she could hear the crying coming from outside before I came in
>Just shake my head and go to my seat
>I found out from her later that she had a similar experience during one of the games
>Worst part is that I hid in that mirror room alone like 12 times before then
>Never again

[36]

>be young me working security
>about 15 minutes from finishing the night shift at work when there was a massive crash on one of the windows in the office
>get up and go to check it out
>Someone has thrown quite a sizable rock through one of the windows on the front of the building
>This is made especially weird because I'm working in the industrial district at 11:30 at night with none of the other businesses open
>I go back to my desk, put a quick call through to security to let them know and decide to head home
>as I'm leaving the building I'm freaking myself out about it more and more and end up running to my car, getting in and taking off
>I'm almost home and I've started to calm down a bit when I realise that I didn't unlock my car when I got in
>car had been unlocked the whole time
>I do a quick check with my hand in the backseat for any possible murderers that might be hanging around there but there's nothing there
>fast forward 30 minutes: I've called a friend of mine who says he is out drinking so I decide I'm going to join him
>I jump on my bicycle and start riding over
>I'm doodling along the road on my bike, it's a nice night and

I'm in no big rush
>enjoying the moonlight
>hear someone riding behind me
>straighten up and stick to one side of the road
>He passes me really slowly and, when he is right beside me,
he shoots me a smile
>would describe as purely insane
>I kind of flinch and am taken aback as he rides on
>That's when I realise. He is riding my mom's bike
>I sprint home
>get there, sure enough her bike is missing and one of my
car's doors is open
>the back left one.

I was driving, and had no need to open that door.

[37]

>playing around with a radio once when I was a kid
>just slowly spanning through the static trying to find a station
>had found an old television antenna, attached it to the side of
our house and ran a wire out my window to it with an alligator clip
attached to the radio antenna, allowing me to get a way broader
range of signals
>So I'm sitting there, early in the morning (like 2am), slowly
sweeping frequencies
>suddenly I get to this station that's playing this very weird
crackling sound
>It sounded sort of like cracking knuckles, or maybe Rice Krispies
cereal
>fixed, rhythmic pattern instead of being random
>listening to it for a second
>suddenly stops and this faint voice says "It doesn't work. We're
already dead. We're already dead."
>I freaked out and almost threw the radio across the room.

[38]

>sister married
>her and brother-in-law moved to wisconsin near his family
>visit them one day (from NC fml, by car)
>looking for spooky stuff we can do
>bro in law tells about a ghost car
>he and friend driving to gated mansion cause they hear it's haunted
>if you press the button to talk to the gate guard, a ghost car chases you
>they press it
>soon enough, two headlights follow them
>they drive away
>no car supposedly, just headlights
>once they get out of the woods, the lights vanish completely
>they watch it the whole time
>didn't turn

[39]

>neighbor's house is currently abandoned
>hear random furnitures moving and some faint voices
>the other day, the metal railing on the topmost windows suddenly disappeared.
>Railing was heavy
>Would definitely make a noise on the neighbor's house if it got removed.
>Would also take several men to carry it downstairs and outside the gates
>No noise from the night before it was stolen
>Nope.jpg

[40]

>At girlfriend's house, sitting on her bed
>On the side of the room with the door, only open air around me
>She's on the computer on the other side of the room
>Hear a voice whisper directly into my ear
>"Where is my mom?"
>Look up, startled, nothing around me moving, gf hasn't turned around, room is silent
>After a moment's thought attribute it to her little brother, whose room is across the hall
>She looks confused when I tell her her brother's looking for their mom
>"Hey younger brother, did you just ask for mom?"
>He says no
>Have trouble sleeping there that night, overwhelming feeling that someone is standing over me next to her bed
>Wake up next morning, watched sensation is gone, never speak of it again

I've never had strong feelings about ghosts or spirits existing in our world one way or the other, being an "if I see it I'll believe it" kind of person, but I definitely can't explain why I heard such a distinct voice so close to my ear when there was nothing around to cause it. It's not on the level of seeing/confronting anything, but it was still pretty weird.

[41]

I only have three nopes, two of which include local legends in my home town, the last one... I call it the gobbler. So, which would you like first?

Eh, I think I'll go with one of my less nopier nopes, move on through my pile, and go for the night.

>Nope 1.

I turned nineteen about two months before this happened, living in the place next door to my families home, which they bought. About two in the morning I'm sitting around, playing the vidya. Hear the downstairs door open.

Shout "Hello?" thinking it was my mom with something important.

Nothing.

>Hear footsteps on the stairs, thump, thump, thump.

>I grab my .22 Rifle and just wait in my doorway.

>Thump, thump thump. nothing, goes on for ten minutes.

>I check the stairs, go downstairs, check every room, relock all the doors. nothing to be found.

>Fast forward to next day. 8PM, changing the light fixture in my bedroom, dad is with me (he's an electrician, need someone with experience for it at times) same thing happens.

>Dad looks at me and says "Did you hear that?"

>I tell him I did, and we both yell hello, nothing, this time it's twice the footsteps, like two people are coming upstairs.

>He grabs the .22, I grab up a crowbar, sweep and clear. nothing again.

We both noped out and called my mother, she came over all freaked out too, turns out.

>Nope 2. (I have more than three, some I chose to omit, but I'll put my nopes in a basket for ya)

>Bout 12, chilling upstairs playing a card game with my mom

>only have one sibling at the time, 3 months old, with us upstairs.

>Hear jingling and giggling from downstairs.

>Hear kids saying "Mommy" and stuff like that.

>Hear woman's voice.

>Mom went downstairs to figure out what was going on, but there was nothing.

>Just four numbers, written on the ceiling. 1 7 4 9

>Wasn't there before, still there ten years and four paintings later.

>We still haven't told my dad about it, he's a bit of a wimp.

I used to live in a town that burned down for the most part in the early 1900s, some fire started up in a paint store and just obliterated the town. So there's always been creepiness happening, local legends, folklore, etc.

At my parents house that day, the doors kept opening, and the cats were going ballistic (climbing the curtains, doorframes, hiding in the cabinets.) We've had the shadow people in that home, the giggling kids from before.

Seen an old dude standing on the upstairs landing. Had one of those heavy upright mirrors just topple over and hear "GET OUT". Just all around messed up stuff in the house. No indian burial ground AFAIK. Only one person died in the house, fourty years before my folks bought it.

We've also had black dogs just bark at the house, ceaselessly at night for weeks on end before family has died. Been trying to convince my family to move out of that place for a great while now though. Dad refuses, mom's up for it.

Gonna go with the gobbler.

>I was 18 at the time, bout 1 AM (EST, all times in my posts are EST) chilling in my parents living room, doing the usual

>It just stopped raining so I had the windows open for that delicious fresh air.

>ear a clattering noise out on the street, noise like a couple chickens.

>Nothing's out there, looking all around out the windows for the source of the noise, nothin'.

>Clucking gets loud, I mean HELLA LOUD, like you're inside a chicken warehouse or something.

>Rumbling gets loud enough to vibrate the windows.

jump out onto the front porch, look up and down the street, nothing. >>Gobbling stopped.

>Went back in, locked the doors, went back to vidya.

>It starts again, there's nothing outside, nothing in the house.

>Mom comes downstairs "What are you watching? I can hear it upstairs."

>HFW the gobbling stops in front of the church.

Noped right on off to sleep after that. I don't want no ghost chickens avenging their fallen comrades.

One of the local legends I mentioned, this one goes by the name of "Stovepipe" so it'll require some backstory.

Out in the town I used to live in, there's a steep, twisty road called HorseShoe bend (Given it's name because, you guessed it, it's shaped like a horseshoe.) According to legend, a man was taking a carriage up the hill when he fell off and had his head cut off by one of the wheels, (I'm only relaying the story.) He rolled down the hill and had gotten a stove pipe (metal pipe normally attached to wood burning stoves) lodged around his neck. As the legend goes, if you go to the turn's apex at the bend, and yell "Stovepipe stovepipe I got your head" He'll come out of the woods and "get" you. (Har har, spooky story, ikr?)

I was 14, coming home late from the movies with a friend (bout 9 AM) and the car breaks down right at the bend, no biggy, only a short distance walk home. So I figure, why not put the legend to the test?

I get out at the apex, right at the border of the woods and shout "Stovepipe Stovepipe got your head!" at first, nothing happened. I figured, yeah, typical myth, yadda yadda.

Then there comes a crashing noise in the woods, like something big moving in there. Trees near the road were shaking, I couldn't

see anything out there. It got louder and closer, and an orange light about 15 feet or so from the roads popped into sight, the noise got louder and louder as the light got closer.

I wimped out, jumped back into the car and we just coasted it home.

My last big nope story happened about a week before I left my home state for Colorado (possibly for good, not sure yet)

>A whole day of Nopes

Family's out on Vaca, left me behind to watch the house and pets.

>Get up at 8 AM due to cats being jerks.

>Head downstairs and notice one of the doors are open a bit. Oh well, I probably forgot to close it. no big deal.

>Close and lock the door and head into the kitchen, sit down and realize the seat's warm, like someone's been sitting on it. Figure it must have been the cats.

>Go on with my day, hearing the normal thumps and groans of a home, thought nothing of it, Sit back in a chair and see someone looking at me from the doorway, I blink and they're gone. doors and windows are still shut and locked tight, didn't hear any footsteps.

>Shadow crosses the doorway.

start getting a bit worried.

>Door to the back porch opens. locks just disengaged, nobody on the planet has a key to that door.

>Slam it shut, pile some stuff against it to barricade.

>Something's going on outside the window, shadows passing, knocking, scratching on the glass (just bypassing the screen entirely)

>Call local church (Right across the street) Ask the pastor if he can stop by, tell him "Spooky stuff's going on down here."

>Pastor shows up, everything stops, he just shrugs outta there and it all starts up again.

>Think I'm getting played with by some heavy forces.

>put on headphones, decide to sit this out for the day.

>It ends after six hours, I wait an extra two to make sure I'm not being duped by whatever it is.

>Nothing

>I go outside, feed the cats, make sure the yards not full of trash

>Someone's in the shed, I can see the light on. Shadow passing the window, etc.

>Go up to shed, armed with a shovel.

>Open door slowly

>Nobody there.

>Leave door open and go back to the porch.

>Door slams.

>NOPENOPENOPE.PNG.

Stayed in the house rest of the day, watched movies, blasted music.

[42]

>months ago

>friends came over from another city for the weekend

>decide to going out

>we chill out and drink a few beers

>meanwhile I had a call from my classmates "Oi Anon, do you want to come with us in this disco? C'mon it's cool!"

>Yeah, w/e. I'm not into this places but I'm with friends and I endure it

>start walking to the place

>I mean, it was 3 a.m. and after a good half of an hour we weren't even closer

>eventually got almost out from the city

>whereareyoutakingmem8.wot

>finally got there

>and finally got why it was this far

>IT WAS A DISMISSED MENTAL HOSPITAL

>JESUS CHRIST

>I knew since the first look this wasn't going to end well

>friends notice I'm a little upset but try to avoid the whole thing
>we got inside because the place we're looking for is inside one of the old facility's building
>we pass a tons of containing and isolation rooms, weird places and flight of stairs
>**THERE WE ARE**
>the godforsaken place was situated in A BASEMENT INSIDE THE DETENCTION BUILDING OF A MENTAL HOSPITAL
>screw it, man mode engaged and I decide to give it a shot
>Me and a friend of mine are the last one going down
>we got isolated from the others for unknown reasons
>we now start feeling a hell of a cold
>Iknowyouarethere.missingno
>I stop in the middle of the stairs and so does he
>we start looking below us
>now I can finally see it
>a male nurse in a white coat was looking at us
>**NOPE**
>I was about to ask to my friend if he could see him but he suddenly say "GOD WHAT IS THAT?"
>hecanseeitto.webm
>tell him to go back slowly and do no turn because for tonight we're done
>go back where the containing rooms are
>afew of them start shaking, and others were open, even though they were all closed few minutes ago
>told him to not run or this might end not so well
>we calmly got out of that building and went home
>he's still scared

[43]

In the midst of a jam session with a buddy that lived in the second story apartment. I could see into the kitchen from where I sat. One of the songs we started playing had a much more cohesive vibe to it and my buddy and I got swept away with it.

During the song, I saw a figure in my peripheral vision standing in the kitchen (right by the backdoor). I thought nothing of it and continued jamming. The figure slowly came towards me, not making a sound. I felt the urge to look and see who it was, but did not divert my attention from the song, figuring it was a friend treading lightly so as not to ruin the jam. Eventually, the figure seemed to be standing directly over me and I saw a legit shadow over my hands and the guitar. I looked up because, frankly, I couldn't understand why someone would be standing so close to me while I play guitar.

There was no one there.

I stopped playing and immediately told my buddy and his girlfriend about what I had seen. They thought nothing of it. A week or two later, they're downstairs neighbor admitted to being scared of using the bathroom at night because there is a shadow figure that lurks around.

[44]

>Be me, 7 years ago
>Staying at best friend's house
>Huge, old house. Originally belonged to his great grandmother or something like that. His grandmother died in that house.
>Be sleeping when suddenly hear strange noises, like some sort of laugh, coming from the backyard
>Look through the window and see an strange, skinny woman
>Wake up friend, "Dude, there's someone in your backyard"
>Friend gets mad, goes to the backyard and starts saying things like "Go away!" and "Leave us alone, we want to sleep".
>Friend comes back, I'm all "wtf, dude?"
>He calmly says "It's ok, it's just my grandmother, she doesn't like strangers in her house, so just ignore any noise you hear."
>nope.avi

[45]

>be 16
>move into new house
>fairly old
>like ww2 old
>go into basement
>"play with sarah" is written on the wall in the basement
>haven't been in the basement since
>3 years later
>last week-ish
>be sleeping, wake up with super unsettling feeling
>could have swore I heard footsteps creaking on the floor
>man that's spooky
>probably my dog
>roll over and look towards the other side of the room
>swear to god I see a little girl about 3 feet from my bed

[46]

>last summer
>"facilities manager" for my uni
>in charge of the grounds of the old president's house
>house is an old victorian mansion built in the 30s in the middle
of a grove of ancient cypress trees
>get to live in a little cottage on the grounds for free and salaried
pay in exchange for locking up and cleaning fountains
>sitting around watching chinese girl cartoons in my underwear
one night at about 1am
>get a call on my cellphone
>no caller id or number just a blank "calling" screen"
>answer

>no sound at all; not even spoopy static
>hang up and go back to animu
>about 45 minutes later the security alarm for the house goes off
>have to put on pants and go stand in the driveway until
university police shows up to clear the house so I can lock up
>cops go in and don't find anything; it's probably just rats
>lock up and go back to sitting around
>about an hour later I'm laying in bed when the alarm goes off
again
>sigh
>standing in the dark waiting for the police when I get the blank
call again
>nothing on the other end this time either
>call my boss thinking he's trying to tell me something about the
alarm
>he's pissed that I'm calling so late at night but says he didn't call
me
>cops come and find nothing
>set out a couple of rat traps near the motion sensor
>lock up and go back to bed
>just starting to fall asleep
>the alarm starts up again

>don't even bother putting on pants
>call up and tell them not to bother this time
>go to reset the alarm and lock back up
>traps in front of the sensor weren't tripped
>go down to the cellar to reset the alarm
>typical spoopy old cellar with a single bare bulb in the middle of
the room so you have to walk in in the dark
>when I reach the bottom of the stairs I get the blank phone call
again
>answer it expecting nothing to be there again
>as soon as I pick up there's a very loud burst of static and then it
disconnects
>officially spooked
>reset the alarm and start walking back up the stairs in the dark
>see a shadow flash across the open doorway at the top of the
stairs

>DEFCON 1
>run up the stairs and out the front door
>check to make sure all the external doors are locked so
whatever is in there can't get out
>walking back to my cottage
>notice the little rectangular windows to the cellar are lit up
>remember I turned the light off because it was spooky walking
up the stairs
>nope screw it the cleaning ladies can deal with it in the morning
>lay awake in bed the rest of the night spooked

[47]

Weird things happened a long time ago when I knew this one family with a lot of Navajo blood.

I got up early one morning to get me Hardees breakfast in. But when I walked to the store Hardees wasn't even open for another half hour.

So I decided to wait around the strip mall. I noticed that I was not alone and there was this old, homeless man. He looked like he was in some kind of distress. There was a grimace of pain on his face and he was doubled over.

Now seeing somebody having what looked like a heart attack had me concerned. So I took one step over in his direction and immediately heard

>"David, get in the car."

It was the mother of the family. Just there in her car.

>"But he's in trouble! We gotta call somebod-"

>"Just. Get. In. The. Car."

There was panic in her voice so I complied.

So I asked her how the Hell she knew I was out there or why she drove right to me and she refused to answer. Even telling me not to ask her again and she'd gotten to me in the nick of time. For reasons.

Did I let some poor old man just die out there?! I mean I wasn't in any danger from his appearance. He was so old looking and weak he couldn't have hurt a fly.

Yet, she was not only adamant that something was very wrong that I couldn't see but some kind of radar in her head went off to compel her to get up, get dressed and drive right where I was.

[48]

>me and my family decide to go on vacation
>it's a crappy seaside resort, there's literally nothing aside from houses, a few stores and the beach
>aunt is also there, she goes in the same place every year so she knows everyone and everything about the town
>there's several houses in front of the sea, for some reason few of them seem abandoned and in a state of decay
>no friends and literally nothing to do, so to not die of boredom, decide to accompany my aunt whenever she walks her dog, at least I can play with him
>one day, she suddenly tells me that there's few spooky stories about this place
>basically the reason why so many houses are abandoned is because there are many ghosts around
>apparently a friend told her that both her daughter and her son had experienced some really weird things in the house they had rented the previous year, and one night they just packed everything and left the house

>she tells me her friend's son had seen a girl he's never met before who was repeatedly slamming her head on his bed
>a few days later her daughter had called her and she was like scared witless, asking her mother to immediately come back home because suddenly drawers started opening and closing themselves and she couldn't leave home because the door wouldn't open
>ask my aunt what happened after the mother walked in
>she tells me everything was like nothing had happened
>the daughter though was still crying in a corner and shaking
>decide it's probably just a bunch of nonsense, her children are probably schizophrenic and/or suffer from hallucinations
>next morning, my aunt and I walk the dog together as usual
>this time she takes a different path
>"Where are we going?"
>"Let's go anon, I want to show you the house we talked about yesterday."
>so we start walking down an alleyway which is right in front of the seaside
>we stop in front of a private alleyway because the dog decided it was a good place to piss
>notice there's a set of abandoned houses in that small alleyway, except they all are in a good state unlike the other abandoned houses on the seaside
>she tells me these used to be vacation houses but one year everyone suddenly left for some reason and nobody has set foot in there ever again since then
>suddenly an old man comes out of a house right next to that private alley
>he speaks in a very weird voice, can't really hear him well
>asks us if we've seen a girl walking out of the fence gate
>he tells us that the girl had a weird dog whose fur was patched with different colours and said dog was walking backwards on two legs
>literally nobody else is there except for us
>"How come? She just walked out of the gate, you couldn't have missed her."
>me and my aunt nope out and leave

>later she tells me the house where that old man was is the same house her friend had rented the previous year
>decide to never walk near that house ever again

[49]

When I was a kid, about 8 years old or so, my family was too poor for cable TV, so it was just crappy rabbit-ears antenna TV. Parents couldn't even afford to stick a real antenna on the roof so that's all I had.

There was like 30 channels, but most of them were static. Some of them had so much static that they showed in black and white. However on rare days, depending on the weather and sunspot cycles, you could get channels from further away and watch TV shows that you wouldn't normally get. But you would have to find the perfect spot and orientation for the rabbit ears, and it was very sensitive to even the slightest perturbations. Even someone in the next room walking around was enough to mess it up.

A couple of things about this old TV creeped me out. There was one channel that was full of static, and it usually played infomercials. But the weird thing was that there was always a noticeable pattern in the static, and it was always the same. It looked like the distorted silhouette of a person. I pointed it out to other people in my family and they saw it too. I used to randomly stare at it while playing with legos and it gave me shivers.

Actually I used to stare at channels that were 100% static, and I convinced myself that I could see patterns in the noise. My parents would tell me there's nothing there. When I got older I learned that it's an optical illusion, but at the time it scared me that nobody else could see it.

Then there's those EAS emergency disaster warning tests, and tornado/flood warnings from faraway places. As a kid I never knew

what was going on, so I was always scared that I was about to die whenever I saw one of those.

Now I remember one thing was actually disturbing. If I went to one of the empty static high-numbered channels, usually early in the morning, the static would sometimes change to a bunch of weird lines. and then I'd hear faint, distorted voices, and then it would go back to normal after 10 seconds.

[50]

Be spending the weekend by a friend's house. He moved in about a month before and I was helping him with renovations.

- >See my friend has a bottle of zzzquil in his room
- >Ask him if he has trouble sleeping
- >Tells me yes, but he isn't taking the zzzquil anymore
- >Ask him why
- >He says I should take some that night and see for myself. He then writes something on a small piece of paper, folds it and hands it to me. Tells me not to open it till morning. He says this is his proof.
- >Curious, I take the zzzquil that night. He told me to sleep in his room and he would sleep in the guestroom.
- >His room has a deadbolt that can only be opened from inside the room.
- >Fall asleep, really weird dreams. Wake up about 1:30am.
- >Check time on phone and roll back unto the bed.
- >Suddenly see a little boy crouching down by the opposite side of the bed.
- >Can only see his little hands and the top of his head from the nose up. He is watching me intently.
- >There is nothing overtly wrong with him but something was just off.
- >Figure it was a hallucination or just a really vivid dream. Somehow knock out shortly after.

>Tell friend in the morning about weird dream. Told him zzzquil is a messed up drug.
>Friend tells me to get the paper he gave me.
>I had it in my wallet. I unfold it and scribbled on the page was "do you see the little boy watching you too?"
>Feeling weird. Try to rationalize it and say it was a hallucination but that it was pretty odd we saw the same thing so clearly.
>Friend's eyes turn glassy. I have never seen him like this before. In a low voice he says that it isn't a hallucination.
>He explains that he has been seeing the boy every night for about 2 days when he was on the zzzquil but saw nothing when he didn't take it.
>Told me he no longer thinks it is a hallucination. Rather, the drug has the effect on the brain, that when we wake disoriented in the wee hours of the morning, it just lets us see what has always been there.

[51]

Earlier this year, we checked out an abandoned slaughterhouse near my home town. We gained entry through a barely accessible window, and I was first through. The place was magnificent, with much of the old machinery rusting above. I was scanning the area with my light, about to give the all clear, when I heard rustling and clanging above. I saw a filthy, pale hand reaching down from the ceiling, trying to pull whoever was attached over for a better view. I ran. My girlfriend was in the window about to jump down when she saw my face and looked up. She also ran.

[52]

Not really a scary experience, but it does feel constantly threatening.

>move in with wife a year ago
>canal runs right next to our house
>almost every night hear screams
>most of the time it's just kids and junkies trying to mess with people
>sometimes the screams tend to sound a bit legit
>sure enough, a month later some kid's body is found in the canal about 3 blocks down from our house
>a year later, screams still persist every few nights
>every 3 months, give or take, another body is found in the canal relatively close to where we live
>bodies are always of children that go missing only a few days beforehand
>need to move

I usually brush off the screams but sometimes I try to peak out the window to see what's going on, and I always see nothing. Still scares the crap out of me though, and I'm always afraid to leave the doors unlocked or leave the house, even in broad daylight.

[53]

About 10 years ago, I was walking to catch the bus for school, and I heard a short burst of some very loud, high-pitched discordant music that sounded like a fiddle. Stopped me dead in my tracks and broke me out in a cold sweat. It was like 5am and there was nobody and nothing around that could have possibly produced the music.

I don't know why this scared me so much, but there was something that just felt so wrong about the experience and I've never forgotten it.

[54]

>Be me 16, just getting into urban exploration
>Live in town which was known for the now mostly deceased clothing industry (UK)
>Basically lot's of abandoned factories
>Have friend called Mark, he's the only guy who'll come with me
>Maybe like our 3rd/4th explore, head to an area known as Riverside
>Lot's of factories by a river, like 80% derelict
>Head into a factory, looks pretty generic from the outside.
>We start on the bottom floor, it's just a big empty floor space with a few chairs/tables scattered around
>Friend does graffiti occasionally, and he notices like 3 pieces that have been left unfinished.
>We both guess that there was (or still is) security checks
>Suddenly we here the sound of some big machinery start up
>Floor vibrates, dust falls from ceiling
>something is operating above us
>The factory was 100% abandoned, all the windows were broken, pigeons were everywhere, graffiti, and you could also pretty much walk right in
>Forget this, turn to leave
>Hear an old style truck horn from outside
>Run out, expecting to get caught, but it was deserted outside, no sign of any truck.

>About 2 years later, I'm 17 and 7/8ths
>With a couple of friends from college
>We always finish college at 2 o'clock, and never have anything to do
>One day start telling them about my experience
>This guy called Chris basically prides himself on being fearless, decides we're going
>Whatever, spoopness has pretty much wore off, would like to go back and explore again
>Arrive at the place, a couple of factories have been knocked down, but our one is still intact

>Lead them in
>We explore the ground floor, this time no machinery noise
>Confidence grows
>We head upstairs to 1st floor
>Immediately we see this big generator sitting in the middle of the room
>Graffiti on the wall to the left of it reads 'Beware the generator'
>Nope out and tell friends we need to leave
>Chris says "Screw that, I'm not running away from a generator."
>Just then the very same truck horn from my last visit sounds from outside
>Practically drag friends out of there
>Chris later said that on the way out he heard a voice say "Turn it off"
>Once out of there we start walking back
>A few streets away we notice something
>A chimney which was standing all by it's self near our factory (the building around it had been demolished) was blowing smoke
>Never went back

[55]

>be 18
>in college and first real job
>working at a sheriff's office jail/dispatch
>dad is undersheriff
>get signal 30 (fatality)
>van on fire with a body inside
>detectives weren't on duty so my dad actually took my mom to the scene to do the photos (former professional photographer)
>next day I come to work
>burned van in the car port
>no body but stinks of burned rubber and hair
>dad shows pictures
>body was all black except the head
>white skull with a large hole and pink brain matter

The man was executed, placed in the van under a bunch of tires, doused in gasoline and set on fire.

>be almost a year later
>have my mom's friend's daughter and 3 of her friends visiting
>put in charge of entertaining them
>live close to spook light area (northeast Oklahoma)
>let's go see the spook light!
>seen it before no biggie
>we show up.
>nothing
>I remember the murder in the burning van is nearby
>call Dad and get exact location only a mile away
>middle of nowhere
>tall dead grass and clusters of trees(winter).
>dark. No houses or lights anywhere
>gate to a pasture
>patch of busted asphalt with debris
>dark spot where the van was
>I get out and taunt the girls to get out with me
>nothing going on but they're already scared
>one of them points under the gate
>I see black soot under the gate with straight lines drawn
>I climb up on the gate and and shine my light down
>soot all around the asphalt inside the gate spread about 15'x15' with geometric designs
>hear doors slam
>girls ditch me. Their faces plastered in the windows looking at me
>one girl stays
>I lol and drop down inside to get a closer look
>as soon as I hit the ground the dead grass comes alive
>like a huge gust of wind hit it all at once except there isn't any wind
>hear dead trees cracking together
>I slammed into the gate, hurdled over it and we shot into the van
>girls are screaming

>start van and take off
>girl that was outside in the back: "omgomgomg!"
>I ask what she sees
>"Just go, GO!"
>we head home
>girl is crying her eyes out shaking
>won't say what she saw
>she only said she was sure I was going to die

She was a weird girl to begin with. I still wonder what she saw.

[56]

>middle of the night just hanging around on the internet like always
>no light except what the monitor is putting off.
>I decide to change my shirt and stand up, proceed to do so
>glance at myself in the mirror, I can't actually see myself too well, I'm just shrouded in shadow, obviously because the light was faint, it's nothing unusual. I don't think twice about it
>continue the night of usual monotony
>a few days later I'm standing in the same spot where I was before, it's daytime.
>glance at myself in the mirror again
>I realize that I am not standing in a spot where I can see any of my reflection in the mirror.

[57]

>be me 9
>be swinging in a home made swing
>no one home
>neighborhood dead quiet

>swing back, swing forth
>as I'm swinging forth, I get pushed hard from behind
>fall down, turn and look behind
>only the wall and empty space
>NOPE out of the garden, NOPE into the street, NOPE to the main road

[58]

>be speech & debate nerd in high school
>attend huge competition at moderately distant college, Cal State Long Beach (can anyone tell me if this elevator is still painted like it was?)
>everything goes late, all competitions completed, just waiting on results
>wander around campus with other nerds
>quad has four elevators, one in each corner, that go up to the concentric levels of classrooms
>NorthWest elevator also goes DOWN one floor, to a utility corridor/basement storage area
>elevator has been painted by kids from art or possibly math department
>orange and blue geometric pattern that looks like it's bulging out at you
>makes you sick to look at it too long
>whole quad is pretty much empty
>take elevator down to basement
>elevator lets us out, then immediately closes and goes back up
>someone must have still been on a floor above
>okay.jpg
>turn corner, go down hallway with nerds
>loads of old-fashioned broken school desks
>stacks of old textbooks
>really really old letterman jacket hung on wall
>reach end of hall, ends in padlocked metal gate to outside of

campus

>hear elevator arrive down the hall and around the corner,
"ding" and door opening
>footsteps coming down the hall
>footsteps come around corner
>nobody there
>have to run past where they should have been to get back in
elevator and get out
>nopenopenopenopenope

[59]

When I was 15 we went on a school trip to Weymouth (I'm in the UK). We stayed at this run-down hotel. Anyway, one time I start exploring the hotel on my own, I can't remember the reason why, I might have been looking for one of the rooms where some friends were staying.

So anyway I go down a flight of stairs, and there's this corridor and it looks REALLY creepy. The door to Room 2 is ajar slightly, inside it's dark and there's some sort of flickering light inside. I kinda go towards it, and peer inside just a bit. It was way too creepy for me to actually go inside or peek too much, it was very "horror movie-esque", so I didn't see anything and left very quickly.

That night we had a small outing to the local bowling alley. I told all my friends about the really creepy Room 2. When we get back to the hotel I take them down the flight of stairs trying to find it again to show them this scary room. Anyway we get to a corridor and there's Room 1, then a big gap, then Room 3, Room 4 etc. Could not find Room 2 anywhere. Probably the closest to a real life paranormal/horror movie type thing I've ever experienced.

[60]

- >Be about 15-16
- >Hanging out with best bro
- > His Mom recently passed away from Leukemia
- >Playin vidya in his room
- >Hear a loud noise downstairs like a long drawn out moan
- >Run downstairs, spooped
- >All the windows in his living room and kitchen are open
- >Dead of winter, they were not open when I came over an hour previous.
- >Sink is on full blast.
- >TV cuts on full blast.
- >We both are mad spooped. Close up the windows, turn everything off.
- >Check the basement to make sure it's not just his older brother screwing with us.
- >Nobody downstairs. Talking in the basement.
- >Hear that noise again but angrier sounding, and a huge CRASH
- >Go upstairs, TV stand has fallen over with all the knicknacks in it.
- >Stand is huge, would have taken someone actually pushing it purposefully to take it down.
- >Help him lift everything up. TV isn't broken, luckily.
- >All the knicknacks intact beyond his mom's wedding photo, which is cracked.
- >His dad had divorced her halfway through her battle w/cancer, and she was very angry after that.
- >Decide maybe we should crash at my house tonight.
- >Go back over the next morning (Saturday)
- >all the windows are open, the water is running, and all the furniture has been upended.
- >Try and fix everything back up as best we can
- >Never happens again after that.

I always figured it was his mom's last, very angry hurrah because his dad was going to move back in to take care of him and his older brother saturday night.

[61]

>Riding bike home from work
>3 AM
>Small Town, No lights on the street just pure darkness
>Enter an alley way
>Hear a women laughing behind me
>Stop Bike
>Look behind nothing
>Get back on bike
>At stop sign
>Look at old empty factory there's a guy in a chair just sitting there watching me from across the street
>Can't make any details it's like it's pure black
>Went full speed
>Have to cross bridge to get home
>Suddenly gets foggy, can't see anything
>get the feeling that something is watching me
>Don't look to the left and right just focus on going as fast I can
>Made it home

[62]

>be 20
>be living in rural Tennessee
>sleeping and hear a noise in my house
>wake up and sit up in my bed
>hearing people talking in my house
>I lived alone and in a farm house at least 30 acres away from a other people in all directions
>walk to my door and open it slightly

>and it slams shut in my face
>run and grab m shotgun and rip the door open.
>as I run down the stairs I hear a scream and the basement door
slam shut
>run down basement and nothing
>check the whole house and surrounding areas to no avail

[63]

>be 2 weeks ago on Saturday
>I am very spooked and get scared easily, like even when people mention scary situations or "imagine if" type things, my eyes get watery and I get goosebumps
>Its late at night, 1am and I come home from hanging out with my friends
>go to kitchen, grab a snack, then take dog out for late night piss(back door is in the kitchen)
>the dining room is next to the kitchen, seperated by a big metal door
>Give dog water and hear my mom
>"Next time tell me when your back anon, I don't want to stay up worried about you."
>I know mom, whatever
>I open the door and its nothing there, just darkness
>I check her room and she is right asleep
>wtf.jpg
>I go upstairs and see bathroom light on
>itslocked.webm
>knock and my little brother (7 years old) is in there
>"Anonn I heard mommy in my room but she wasn't there."
>NOPE.gif
>I fall asleep with him in my room
>next morning tell mom about what happened when she asked why I slept with him
>she tells me that she sometimes also hears ME talking in the dining room but when she checks I'm not there, or sometimes not

even home

>get goosebumps, and everytime it's night time, I do not go down there at all

My mom said she heard me talking just last Saturday morning, talking about how I was going to buy some horse and ride it to the mountains, but Saturday I wasnt even home at all until 8pm.

[64]

>Be me, like 16 at the time
>Living in basement
>Half asleep, drag myself upstairs
>Hear dad in the kitchen, talking to someone
>Says my name
>Wot
>Come up stairs
>Chair no one ever sits in is pulled out, someone sitting there
>Looks exactly like me, they turn and face me
>Their face looks like mine, but sort of melting off, like it's being pulled down or sagging
>Creepy grin, messed up redneck teeth going on there
>Blink and suddenly it's gone
>Dad stops and turns around and looks at me
>"Weren't you just sitting down?"
>Mfw



[65]

>Be me 14
>skateboarding at a really old funeral home with friends
>getting dark and everyone goes home but me
>darker now and I'm still skating in the handicapped ramp
>stop because I hear multiple voices
>coming from inside, but it's well past 9pm so no one should be around
>put ear up to door
>hear at least 4 different voices say my name all at once
>noped home

[66]

>Be me in elementary school
>walking home with cousins
>head past neighborhood's infamous older than dirt abandoned house
>house has vines crawling up it, wild thorny garden taller than us, boarded up windows, porch with wood splintered up.
>notice kids ahead staring at porch and walking faster
>see old lady on porch
>lady is ghostly pale white woman in long, black gown with snow white hair. hair is incredibly full and long, I've never seen hair so long on anyone.
>old lady is petting black cat in her lap while sitting on the porch's splintered, broken surface
>despite sitting on destroyed porch, looks completely at home
>woman keeps looking at us kids as we pass, smiling at us, petting the black cat
>all of us just... scared for some reason.

>she looks at me and smiles
>noped home overtime

Remember it being odd because the neighborhood is like, 0% white at that. everyone's either black, asian or latino. These days the windows to the place are out and I think the interior is pretty much burnt.

[67]

I do have a few stories, but the first one really isn't much of a story as it is more of the experiences themselves. Nothing extraordinary happened like ghosts or spooky scary things.

That being said, the creepy part of this is the house itself. This was my great granddad's house, built back in the who-knows-00s. This house was one of those where just walking into the front yard you felt something ominous about it, like you were constantly being watched. And that feeling grew worse once you actually stepped inside. I remember as a child I wouldn't be inside that house by myself. I would constantly find myself wondering outside because I did not want to be inside.

Now, this house was two story. Downstairs there was a room with almost nothing but pictures (it had chairs and a TV as well). Remember when I said you felt like you were being watched? I don't know if it was because it was full of pictures, but that feeling was 10x worse inside that room. I would look around and it would feel as though all of those pictures were staring directly at me. Again, I wouldn't stay inside that room by myself.

Finally, the upstairs. This was the worst part of the house, and sadly the only bathroom was upstairs. Upstairs, along with that feeling that you're being watched, you would also get the feeling of butterflies in your stomach and the 'fight or flight' response would for some reason kick in. As soon as you got halfway up

those stairs, the voice in your head said "Turn around, you don't want to be up here." It was so bad that my sister and I would do dares to see who could stay upstairs the longest without getting scared. Even my oldest sister to this day will tell you how scary that house was, and she's not exactly a paranormal-believing person. And her, unlike my other sister and I, has only been in that house two or three times about 15-20 years ago.

Apparently though, people have seen some stuff in that house

So people that drove by in my family have reported seeing my great grandmother in her sewing shack. I really don't remember her that well, but apparently she would spend the majority of her time in this little shack sewing for her company. The other ghost that people have reported inside the house was of a Native American chief in the upstairs closet. My relatives have said it was because of him that the upstairs had the feeling that it did.

Mind you, I wasn't the only one in my family that felt spooked by this house. Basically everyone that has been to that house has said that it is scary.

Anyways, that Native American chief for some reason haunted a closet. One of my aunts that saw him said she opened it up and there he was as clear as day. Then just vanished. And nobody in my family wanted to walk past that closet, even before that story of seeing him was told.

Now, to close this off, I've been told that after my great granddad died, the chief disappeared and the spooky scary feeling has also lifted up a bit. They believe that the chief was a guardian spirit of my granddads, so once he passed away so did the chief.

I've been to that house once since I've grown up, and maybe it's just the spooky memories, but that house still creeps me out.

[68]

This happened to my twin. I'll tell it from his perspective.

>be in high school, it's night
>it's around 2am, mom is a night shift nurse
>I feel weird and get out of my bed
>stand at the top of the staircase
>at the bottom see a figure shaped like mom taking off her shoes
>weird that mom's home, she should be at work
>dog is with me
>dog starts barking like crazy
>turn on the light
>no one's there

It scared the craps out of my brother. He seemed like he didn't get a lot of sleep. He said the thing that freaked him out the most was the dog noticed it too, if the dog wasn't barking he said he would've just thought he was sleep deprived.

[69]

When I was about ten, I woke in the early hours of the morning. Probably 5 or 6, the sun was just rising. I looked out my window and saw a tall black figure, wearing a wide brimmed hat, walking across the lawn from the area where my two little sisters' bedroom was. Just seeing him gave me chills, and to this day whenever I think or speak about it, I get the weirdest tingling in my face like I'm about to sneeze.

The craziest part though is that I mentioned it about ten years later to my sisters, and they both looked like they were going to cry. They told me about how a dark figure with a wide brimmed hat, had walked through their window and watched them for a few minutes, before finally walking back out through the window. They describe the same tingling feeling every time they think or speak

about it.

[70]

Got a story, something that happened to two of my older siblings.

>Sister is staying at older bro's (who lived with his gf)
>house is run down and cheap due to low budget
>large hallway straight from front door to back door, every room off to the sides
>first bedroom bro and his gf lived on mattress, sat next to loungeroom
>second bedroom had old metal framed bed that sister slept on, sat next to front door across from front room
>third bedroom was partially boarded up, but between the boards you could see the room, sat next to back door
>it was empty except for a large cupboard that had a mirror, cupboard was boarded up too, mirror had masking tape on several points
>house owners said don't go in that room, they apparently wouldn't say why
>strange tapping, moans and grunts constantly coming from back rooms even during day
>one night everyone sleeping
>suddenly loud slam and scream at back door
>sounded like a woman
>this is near the center of the city, so no wild animals, no close neighbors either
>very loud running through the house into front room, which is just across from the second bedroom
>both sister and brother run out to see who was there, thinking a woman might be getting attacked and ran into the house
>nothing there at all, they ask each-other what they think it was, neither knows
>back door still shut and locked
>both go back to bed

>scream again from front room
>bro runs out to check again, still nothing
>they ask bro's gf next morning if she heard it, she says no
>screams start again after about 10 minutes, gf still couldn't hear it
>bro and sister freak out, start packing
>screaming in random rooms until they left
>sister goes home, bro takes gf to her parents house
>bro comes back later on that day, no noises at all, not even the constant tapping/moaning/grunting

I did stay in that house for a week not long after this happened and I did hear a thud in the back room, but it was otherwise uneventful.

[71]

>be 15 or so, working on school paper in my mom's office space
>office space is connected to attic via a small square door (not just a panel, it has a handle)
>working as normal, but feel like something is watching me or something, always felt like the attic was spooky
>hesitantly get up and look over at door
>it was cracked open slightly, when I looked over it immediately shut
>no way I could've seen it wrong, it was open and was then pushed or pulled shut
>freak out and work downstairs where my mom was cooking instead, say nothing about it because she'd laugh at me most likely

>same age, around the same time (give or take a few weeks) and in the same house
>working downstairs because I'd been avoiding the attic/office space
>home alone, already uneasy enough because the house makes

weird noises sometimes or our furnace suddenly turns on with a loud humming noise

>hear distinct footsteps upstairs, like someone is walking from the office/attic space to my room

>freeze and listen for a while, they stop after a minute or two

>refuse to move from the kitchen table until mom gets home later on

>few years later, getting up early for hockey practice, standing outside garage admiring the sky

>house overlooks a heavily wooded area, our backyard is full of trees too

>movement catches my eye, I look down at the farther section of the woods and see something lanky and tall as hell moving through the woods

>decide I'll just show up to practice early, get in the car and drive to the rink

[72]

This didn't happen to me, it happened to my aunt. She went to a school that was 6 floors and there was a rumor that the sixth floor was haunted. Then the rumor became that if you went to the sixth floor and walked 99 steps you would be able to see the ghost. My aunt and her 3 friends decided to try it out and went to the 6th floor, and walked 99 steps while holding hands, and nothing happened.

While they were walking back, they saw a girl sitting in an empty classroom, and her desk was backwards and facing away from them. They immediately got freaked out and one of the friends slammed the door closed, saying that it was the ghost and it was going to attack them. Another girl said "that's ridiculous" and opened the door, and when they looked in the girl was gone.

At this point they go full NOPE and are running out of there, and

my aunt turns around and sees that she's running with 4 other people, not 3. When they get back downstairs there are only 3 of them again.

[73]

>90's
>no google maps or gps
>went to pick up sister at a party
>about 2-3 am
>get lost in a dark street
>see guy walking in the sidewalk alone
>call out to him for information
>he doesn't respond
>car gets near him
>he starts slowing down
>stoped walking about a house ahead
>I stop and check him out
>the guy is a statue
>I floor it

The statue is still there. Never saw it walking again tough.

[74]

>Got home from work around 5pm
>Boyfriend was about to go out with his buddies
>He leaves and I get in the shower
>When I get out the kitchen light is on, but I don't remember it being on when I got in the shower
>The front door is also cracked, figure my boyfriend forgot something and came back in
>I call out to him and hear what sounded like some silverware

being dropped

>I call out again and hear heavy footsteps moving through the kitchen

>A tall man wearing a black hoodie and baggy black pants peered around the corner with a knife in his hand

>I freak out and run into the bedroom and lock the door

>I called 911 and told them where I was and that someone was in my house, then the guy started banging on the door

>I started screaming and the cops were there in about 10 minutes

>I heard them come through the front door and start screaming, then a bunch of footsteps coming down the hall

>They knocked and told me it was safe

>When I came out of the bedroom they said there was no one in the house, but the bathroom window was open and the guy must have ran out

>For the next week I refused to be home alone and a week after that we moved to the next city over

>I still refuse to be alone in my own house

[75]

>city next to mine recently replaced its old storm drain sewer system

>last entrance to old storm drain system hasn't been bricked off yet

>friends and I decide to explore said drainage system

>one flashlight, two other guys have lights on their phones

>we split up at a fork, two guys go left, me and two others go right

>after a few minutes, we reach something that looks like a maintenance room

>old damaged control panels, ripped up swivel chair, clipped wires strewn about on the floor etc

>has two metal doors, one on each end of the room

>door 1 is slightly open

>door 2 is sealed with big padlock
>peek in door 1, another room slightly larger with two large metal tables against walls
>buncha stuff on tables, old stuff from 30s and 40s or something
>both friends pile into the room, we begin looking through the stuff and talking loudly as we pocket stuff we want to keep
>hear loud BANG outside room
>we all go silent
>start laughing, assume its the other guys screwing with us
"Very funny guys, come check out what we found!"
>silence
>?????????????
"Guys? Come on, it's not funny."
>no reply, hear some heavy footsteps
>spooked, peek out from behind door
>door 2's padlock is busted off and the door is wide open
>smell of rot and something sour yet sweet hits my nose
>friends are all wide-eyed
>nope out of there

We never found out what it was, but our other friends we split up with said they felt uneasy without us, so we found them back at the entrance when we left.

[76]

>be ~10
>grandma is in the hospital so I spend a lot of time there
>explore hospital a lot because of this
>have a habit of looking into the rooms as I walk by
>see a lot of people wearing out of date clothing
>nurses wearing old uniforms
>rooms that had people in them will suddenly be empty when I walk by again in a few minutes

A lot of that happened, but there was one in particular that sticks

out in my mind.

>walking as usual
>area of hospital that's only half filled, not a lot of others around
>air suddenly gets cold and feels electric
>small blue and green stripped ball rolls out of a room
>I go pick it up and look in the room it came out of
>there's a little girl (blond, pale, dark circles around her eyes, probably 6, wearing an old style blue dress with white collar) staring at me from inside the room
>get this overwhelming feeling of fear when I look at her
>she sticks her arms out like she wants her ball back
>I set it down and roll it to her
>it just stops at her feet, doesn't hit her, just stops dead
>her arms are still out
>I get the feeling that she wants me to come into the room
>I'm way too scared for this
>Shake my head no and run away
>come back to that room later in the day
>empty.

[77]

>be me in highschool
>17 at the time (28 now)
>knees are royally screwed up this day (arthritis)
>stay home from school and sleep
>gf wakes me up at 3:30
>panicked look on her face
>ask her what's wrong
>"Anon, every one has been looking for you since lunch!"
>tell her I've been in bed all day
>she tells me her, all of my friends, and staff saw me up until lunch
>dad and I go down to school to confirm home all day
>principal goes white, pops tape in vcr

>clear as day there I am walking down the hall on several cameras

>different cameras at different times until noon

>no sign of "me" after that

Whatever that was talked directly to and even touched several of my friends.

[78]

> always buying things from thrift shops

> buy toys and other neat things

> find a stuffed koala bear

> it makes strange grunting and moaning sounds when you squeeze it

> eyes light up with a blue light and black pupils

> it's totally bizarre and I need it

> buy it, take it home

> show it to my mom, and cousins

> they all say it's creepy

> people play with it and kill the batteries

> it starts growling and moaning in a bizarre deep voice

> oh god yes

>be sitting with my cousins and my beat friend

> bear starts growling and moaning

> the eyes start blinking

> everybody states at it until it stops

> it's a couple days later

> bear turns on

> growling and moaning even more bizarre

> my cousin comes out of his room

> says he took the batteries out

> what? It still turns on though.

> says he knows because when people are sitting in the room it turns on and growls and blinks its eyes

> my friend is telling me how creepy it is one day when she's hold

it

- > turns on and starts growling
- > tell her its haunted
- > doesn't believe me
- > tell her to check the batteries
- > she laughs and opens the battery case
- > no batteries
- > throws the bear
- > told you so

I'm not sure if they still have that bear, it was one of my creepiest possessions. I kind of miss its bizarre growls and anguished moans.

[79]

- >Three years ago
- >Summer
- >Bought a new house very far from civilization
my bestfriend lived nearby and I swear it took us an hour and fifteen minutes to walk to the closest place to spend money, which was a gas station.
- >We had been renovating the house for the past months
- >Construction
- >The previous owners never used the attic
- >There are identical houses (Same architecture, inside and out) around and from them I know that there's supposed to be a staircase leading up to the attic
- >Our house lacks any means of getting to the attic
- >As if that's not enough, the previous owner sealed up the doorway into it.
- >No way that's gonna dishearten me!
- >Built a staircase, opened up the doorway, renewed the attic and made it my room
- >The house isn't ready yet, not completely
- >Like there are no beds, no furniture, no internet

>Its just a very big and empty house with electricity and running water

>But my bestfriend lives close to it so one day I insist that I'm going there and staying there from that day on.

>Parents take me there, leave me food in the fridge, bring a mattress with us. (I'm fifeen at that time by the way.)

>Spend all day with bestfriend and get home at night.

>So I get home, and walk up to my room

>The room is HUGE, like, seriously, today I have six seperate beds in my room just to make it look full. I also have a drumkit, a tv, a minifridge, a table and a bookcase in it. It's gargantuan.

>And that night, there was only one mattress there.

On both side walls of the room, there are two doors each, which open up to a pair of very small and cramped rooms. In one of them I keep my clothes and in the other, we keep the unused stuff of the house. That day, they were empty as well, but I kept the doors shut for obvious reasons.

>There are six pairs of lights on the ceiling, one of which is green.

>Only green light is on because I unno, its something new and I am interested in it.

>Playing Mount and Blade on my laptop because there's nothing else to do, no internet, no stuff, no nothing and I am not yet sleepy.

>The green light starts flickering, and then dies out.

> I freeze for a moment, look up at the light, then go back to my game. The house is still in construction and these lights were just implanted, so there's bound to be some mistakes.

>Can't be asked to walk all the way to the switches and turning on another. Just gonna play my M&B

>My laptop is awful, and I had somehow managed to break the inner fan some weeks before that day, so it overheated very easily.

>So when my laptop just straight up shut itself off and left me in complete darkness, at about 3 am, no more than ten minutes after the incident with the lights, I rationalised it by that.

Yes, I was creeped out, but I had no reason for it, yeah?
Everything is quite rational here.

> I could wait about ten minutes for the laptop to cool down before booting it back up but I wasn't in the mood for it.
> I'll just go to sleep.

Theres this 30 something cm tall not-quite-a-wall wall runs right from the middle of the room, and I put my mattress next to it. I lied down, facing the wall-thing because the wide and empty room unnerved me.

>Close eyes, trying to fall asleep
>Theres this rustling sound in the room
>Its nothing, I tell myself, because I know that if I open my eyes to investigate, I'll never go to sleep tonight
>I have some sleep problems, you see, and once sleep comes, if I reject it, I'm out of luck.
>Rustling just gets louder and more, how do I put it, like there were more than one rustling now.
>It stops abruptly.
>Oh good. Now let's just sleep.
>A sweeping noise now.
>Oh no, I'm not gonna open my eyes. Just let me go to sleep.
>It stops after a while, and I hear one of the doors at the side of the room open, and after a moment, close
>PANIC NOW. What is going on?!
>I mean, the noises were fine but now there's clearly someone in the room, someone who either came into the room by the side spaces or vice versa.
>I'm freaking out at this point, but I'm too scared to turn around and look
>Silence for a few moments
>Then it teases me. My name is Ekin. (Pronounced the same as "Akin")
>I swear to the heavens I heard this hissing/whispering "Hhhhhh-Ekinnnn"
>Once. Twice. Thrice. Four times.
>My eyes are wide open but I'm staring straight at the wall-thing

>I can't turn around
>"Hhhhh-Ekinnnn"

You know, at first, I thought my parents were screwing with me, but there is no way they would come all the way here at night and wait this long just to make me crap my pants.

>Silence for some time
>I hear my room door open, then close
>I just lie awake in my bed for god knows how many hours
>I finally get up and look around, in the darkness first
>There seems to be nothing there
>Get the will to turn on the lights
>Room's as empty as ever.
>I wanted to NOPE out of the house but I was afraid of walking out of my room
>I locked the door, kept ALL the lights on (Except that green one) and turned on my computer
>M&B and Pink Floyd my way out of paranoia and into the morning

>Not too loud though, I didn't want the thing to know I was awake
>But no way was I going back to sleep now, and I needed the music to keep my paranoid mind quiet, or else I knew I would hear things my mind made up.
>Morning comes and I call up bestfriend
>He comes by and I sprint out of the house

I don't know why I didn't call the police but somehow, I knew it wasn't a murderer. If it was anything, it was paranormal.

>Tell him all about last night
>He laughs at me and says that there are owls around here and they make a sound close to that. Its probably just owls, and the rest was my imagination running wild
>I'd never heard an owl before, so I was half-convinced.

But even though I heard owls from that day on, I never heard an owl make a noise like that until this day.

>Call parents and tell them I want them to stay with me here, and they comply

[80]

>be teenager
>playing with nintendo DS on my bed
>my bedroom has a huge Plasma tv on one of the walls
>suddenly DS shuts itself and I think, 'weird, it still had batteries'
>think nothing of it. have to go grab the charger that I keep under the TV table
>when I look at the TV see HUGE shadow person beside my bed in the reflection
>the thing is black, tall and crouched at my side, like if it were watching me
>stay still like a rock and scream for my brother to come
>he enters the bedroom preoccupied and asks what happened
>shadow disappears
>can't see it on the tv anymore
>tell him what happened and stick to him til the end of the day

[81]

>2012
>campaigning door to door for Obama in October, have to talk to angry voters a lot. It sucks.
>Next name on address list "Catherine Hintz"
>Sounds like an old white lady. Easy.
>Approach door of nasty beaten white house.
>Boards of porch are bending from my weight they are so rotted
>Doorbell is ripped off
>Everytime.jpg

>Knock.
>There are 2 jeeps in the drive way, someone is home.
>Knock again louder
>Hear noises upstairs, thumps and yelling.
>Peer inside unscreened windows. people always do this, hide and wait for me to just leave.
>The house is empty
>There's a big dark stain on the wood floors inside and about 25 bottles of bleach with mops and buckets
>Hear loud metal door behind the house slam
>Get spuk'd
>Run down the block around the corner
>Mark on address sheet *refused* for all houses on Fredrick street

[82]

>be 14
>it's fall and 8pm at night
>had fight with my mum
>forget this noise, I'm going for a walk
>big grave two blocks from my house
>tell my dad where I'm going
>dad is all over paranormal stuff
>"Anon, take the video camera with you. You never know!"
>okay whatever
>get to grave yard and turn on camera
>Its dark but I can see well enough
>the moon is bright and the middle school across the street has a ton of lights
>I have walked though this graveyard many times, its peaceful
>its a little spooky this time around, with the bare trees and leaves blowing in the wind
>walks around just talking and singing to myself
>a little time passes and I'm in the middle of the yard
>stopped walking to just film around me
>it will make my dad happy that I tried

>looking down at the screen
>see a face and something staff like
>I jump out of my skin and look up
>its gone
>calm myself and see a plant hanger holding a flower pot around the area I kind of saw it
>laughs about how I got scared over a plant holder
>still spooked though, so I calmly walk home

>gives dad the camera and I go get ready for bed
>honestly don't care about the video because I was so sure there was nothing there
>dad calls me into the room a bit later
>he shows me a small part of it
>as the camera pans left
>there is a pale face that looks to be hooded, to the left side of the screen
>queue the camera jumping around when I jumped out of my skin
>it quickly turns away from the camera and goes off screen
>we use the pause/fast forward trick to slow motion the video
>we can't see its hand but it seems to have some kind of staff/pole with it
>I'm feeling so many emotions at once
>but wait there is more
>not a moment later in the video
>what appears to be another figure crosses from the right to left side of the screen in the background

>naturally, my dad is super pumped about this find
>still too many feelings for me
>but dad's excitement rubs off on me
>naturally I show the three people I was hanging out with the day before
>they freak out over it and think it's super scary
>of course they now want to go to the graveyard at night too
>why not
>us three teens and my dad set out to the grave yard at night
>we are really loud and excited
>dad is keeping his cool and being super serious about it

>I hurry to show them 'the spot'
>"There! It's right there!"
>none of us saw anything spooky
>man what a drag, I guess we go home

>watch the video from that night
>nothing exciting
>until
>none of us are on the screen
>but I can hear my voice
>the camera is filming an area what wasn't "the spot"
>there seems to be something moving in the background
>it looks like two figures digging with shovels
>"There! It's right there!" my voice is heard from the video
>the figures immediately stand straight up and bolt
>none of us had seem them in person
>there was no other video of them

They reacted like, they thought I had spotted them. I can't bring myself to label them as 'ghosts' and that scares me. It's been 11 years and I am still scared of them.

Needless to say, I don't go out to the graveyard to find peace and quiet anymore.

[84]

>be my brother
>at uncle's house in CT
>sitting on couch downstairs watching tv
>hear baby crying upstairs
>must be little cousins, one of them is a baby
>call for aunt to tell them baby cousin is crying
>no answer, baby keeps crying
>brother gets up to find aunt
>she's outside playing with little cousins

>baby cousin too
>nope
>brother doesn't go back inside all day
>talking to uncle when he gets home
>apparently the previous owner's baby died a few days after coming home from the hospital
>died upstairs
>brother still doesn't like going over uncle's house for Christmas

[85]

This house was scary. It had a constant feeling like someone was watching you every single minute of every day.

>go over to friends house to help them unpack things and move boxes
>everyone is taking in the feeling of their new home
>friend is all "You handle stuff better than me, we're going to the atti.c"
>so we go to the attic
>the attic is one of 2 rooms at the end of the second floor hallway
>this hallway feels like death row
>the further you go, the worse you feel

>finally reach the doorway
>it has 6 locks
>4 of them are those really simple ones you pull to the side, and push down to keep it from opening
>other 2 are twist to lock styled, with a weird symbol on them
>I'm holding 3 medium-sized boxes
>tell friend to unlatch
>friend is all "Hey man, you're going first, so... you know."
>shove him towards doorway with boxes
>"Just open them."
>friend opens locks and moves out of the way
>NOW he tells me "By the way, no light, I got flashlight duties."

>I enter the attic door and am greeted by stairs
>oh boy, stairs in the dark, only wide enough for one person
>long debate insues, I take flashlight between neck and shoulder
to see where I'm going
>3 steps from the top, I hear very faint laughing
>friend begins freaking out behind me
>tell him to shut up, we're here for a reason
>friend bolts downstairs after saying "NO WAY MAN, NOT AGAIN"
>continue without him anyway

>make it all the way up, theres a few more boxes already up
here, but look like they were just tossed
>walk towards the kinda-pile of boxes
>laughing grows in intensity as I get closer

>TryNotToFreakOut.jpeg
>TryNotToScream.mpg

>laughing slowly stops as I set boxes down, and I proceed to flash
around room
>stop on small figure in corner
>scream as loud as physically possible
>kick small box in its general direction
>CantStopWontStopRunningAway.wma

>hear loud laughing following me through attic and all the way
down the stairs
>sprint through hallway and down to grown floor
>friend and his family sit me down and ask what happened
>proceed to explain that I saw a little kid in the attic
>friends family is silent

Long story short, possibility of lots of deaths in this house.

Makes sense, this house was ancient. like, crazy old. They told me
that even with all the cases of occupants seeing and hearing
things, that nothing has ever gotten physical. This makes me
confident enough to continue carrying things up to the attic.

It upsets me how much of a glutton for punishment I am.

>proceed back up to attic with multiple boxes, forcing friend to come along.

>everything is quiet this time as we carry boxes over to pile

>friend has flashlight this time, keeps it focused on me

>tell him to point it to corner, need to double-check

>this time, theres only a small teddy bear in corner

>stay overnight, cry self to sleep as laughter keeps me awake most of the night

[86]

>me and my dad coming back home

>we decide to stop next to a store to buy something

>dad gets out of the car, and I stay

>a minute or so passes

>sit in the dark corner of the street where there are no lights, only the small one illuminating from the store

>concentrated on my phone

>suddenly hear the back door of the car open

>what.jpg

>dad was supposed to get in the car from the driver's door

>I thought that he just wanted to put something in the back seat

>hear voice behind me

>"It's warm...here."

>it's not my father's voice

>I look behind me and I see some guy dressed in a long coat and a weird hat

>I froze, had no idea what was going on

>all he did was look forward, he wasn't even aware of me sitting in the front

>suddenly dad comes and opens drivers door

>I look at him and tell him that there is a stranger in our car in the back seat

As I look back, there is no one there, doors closed and my dad said that he didn't see anyone get out or get in the car ,and he was just a couple of feet from the car walking towards it.

[87]

- > be me, mid teens
- > "investigating" local abandoned mental hospital with 5 others
 - > someone mentions underground tunnels that link all the buildings together
 - > gotta check that out
 - > I go last, balls of wet paper everywhere
 - > tunnels turn out to be flooded, so we're about turn around
 - > now I'm leading the way out
 - > more balls of dried wet paper
 - > we decide to finish looking around the current building before checking the tunnel entrance in another building
 - > I'm at the back again, ever the follower
 - > hear footsteps behind me, quite close
 - > turn around, we just past the corner for another hallway
 - > I remember there's no one behind me
 - > the footsteps change to a sprint, sound like at least 4 pairs
 - > NOPE to the front of the group and run to the end of the hall
 - > everyone else hears the running now, follow suit
 - > dead end hall, only a room there, so we slow-mo out the already broken window into the overgrowth
 - > suddenly braver, we surround the building to determine who scared us
 - > no one leaves the building. No one inside when we check
 - > NOPE back to my house for food and clean underwear

[88]

>be 17
>have buddy over at my place, parents are out
>watching/reading about spoops and aliens on laptop
>getting spooked
>two hours later decide to take a bath;
>haven't changed since I got home.
>during that time a rainstorm started, the kind of weather where everything turns dark even at 4pm.
>friend still on laptop
>soaping up when suddenly
>SLAM
>sounded like someone punched the bathroom door.
>shout to bud, "What's wrong?"

>silence

>itsjustthewind.jpg
>continue rising off when
>SLAM
>door rattled from the impact
>figure that friend is being a jerk and trying to spook me
>yell at him to stop and let me bathe in peace

>more silence

>shout his name
>I hear my friend yell an answer
>in the distance
>from my room
>idiot probably ran back after hitting the door
>"HEY!"
>"What?"
>"DON'T SLAM MY DOOR, YOU MORON!"
>"Uhh what?"
>"DON'T BOTHER ME, I'M BATHING."
>"Anon, what the hell are you talking about?"
>genuine confusion in his voice
>fear started creeping into my head

>"YOU DIDN'T HIT MY DOOR?"
>"Dude, I've been in your ro--"

>SLAM
>I freaking screamed
>faintly remember yelling something incoherent
>hear buddy's footsteps rushing from my room
>'what the hell's going- OH CHRIST'
>hear something loud, like a FWUP sound then the window outside my bathroom door slamming shut.
>open the door, half naked.
>friend standing there, staring at window bewildered.
>looked almost as shaken as I was

According to him, he told me he was in my room the whole time. When he ran over to see what's up, he saw a big shadow thing in front of the door that LEAPED out the window as soon as my friend rounded the corner. It somehow also slammed the window shut at the same time.

[89]

>Be a few years ago
>Parents divorced (when I was 18, I'm now 24)
>Staying at my father's place (it's a Montreal winter)
>Walk in with my father and younger brother after a dinner with his side of the family, head to the bathroom.
>Hear my dad furious "Come on, next time you need to run in the out from outside at least take your boots off."
>Hollar from the bathroom "Wasn't me."
>Brother hollars the same from his room
>He calls us to the kitchen
>Muddy, slushy, dried boot prints heading from front door all the way to the middle of the kitchen at the island
>Tell him those aren't my boot prints, my brother does the same, he thinks we're lying.

>We bring him every shoe and boot in the house including his, none match the prints

>Ask "How many other people have the key to this place? Uncles? Cousins?"

>"Just us three."

>Alarm didn't go off

>Realize something even weirder

>Foot prints start inside the house, not at the entrance.

>they also stop at the island, there are none that move away from it, and there is no smudging to indicate that whoever made the prints walked backwards, or removed their boots

>Gravity of the situation hits my father

>Cleans up the prints, doesn't want to bring it up again.

[90]

Probably most frightened I've ever been. Here goes.

>be 21 year old college student

>friends come up to my school to take me to a regatta at West Point for the weekend.

>They got a motel room payed for

>Get to this motel after the first day of the regatta.

>Sketchiest motel I've ever seen.

>Outdoor pool upfront filled with dirt cigarette burns in sheets, general rundown filth.

>Oh well, let's have some beers.

>Don't smoke, got job interviews coming up during this time.

>Only have a few beers, don't get drunk, have good time, and we all pass out.

>I get my own bed, friend and his gf are in the other. Everyone else in another room.

>Get up in the middle of the night having to piss.

>Start shuffling towards the bathroom.

>See it.

>My heart sinks to my feet as this contortionist looking black

figure comes crawling out of the bathroom on four limbs.

>I think it's one of my friends being sick at first.

>Hey, anon are you okay?

>Looks at me, I realize the size of this thing and its not natural.

>Friend and gf are sound asleep.

>Now I think, there is something in the room with me.

>Creature continues to just stare at me.

>I'm feeling around for something to defend myself without breaking eye contact.

>Look away for a second. Creature twitches and moves at a speed I can't even describe.

>Stare right back at it and its staring at me again.

>Feel the light switch next to me.

>Call anons name again hoping this is some elaborate trick.

>Still stares.

>Friend and gf still fast asleep even though I'm speaking loud and clear.

>Say I'm going to turn on the light.

>Creature begins to stand.

>ohgodohgodohgod.

>Flip light switch.

>Nothing there.

>I calm down, pee and go back to sleep. I'm surprised I woke up alive honestly.

[91]

This happened literally just moments ago.

>Working out downstairs

>Notice something light brown or flesh-colored out of the corner of my eye

>Looked like a hand gripping the railing of the stairs leading down into the basement

>The moment I look directly at it it retreats

>Walk over to check and there's nothing on the stairs

>Shrug it off as my mind playing tricks on me
>Finish up and head upstairs to my room
>Door is open a slight crack
>Notice a black shadow pass behind the crack
>Figure it's just my sister's cat
>Not a minute later I see the back of a man heading down the stairs. As in a tall, adult male and definitely not a cat
>I'm home alone

I've been living here for about 14 years and never once have I encountered something like this. I've been home all day so if it were an intruder I feel like I would have heard or noticed something. Am I going to die?

[92]

It's the story of a guy I know, he boards at private school. Bit of backstory: he's originally from near Jamberoo, Australia. Jamberoo is a little town about 2.5 hours drive south of Sydney, about 20 kms from the coast, there's a water park near there. He tells me his uncle used to live about 50 kms west on a farm right next to Belangalo State Forest. Australia's worst serial killer, Ivan Milat, killed and buried most of his victims, (mostly backpackers) in that forest (Google it, he's a pretty nasty serial killer)

Anyway, this happened a while after Milat was captured.

>Uncle owns land near forest
>Goes for a run pretty much every day to stay fit
>Usually runs along the road joining his property
>Road connects to one of the fire trails that run deep into the forest, so fire trucks can put out bushfires
>Running along, later than usual, had to attend to animals or something like that so it's twilight dark
>Running along to where road goes into a cul-de-sac / dead end, the fire trail entrance comes off the end of the road

>He stops to catch his breath, and feels this intense dread, like something really bad has happened, hair stands up, looks around
>Then suddenly this 20 something year old, blonde hair and fit girl comes sprinting out of the fire trail
>She was screaming 'RUN!' The uncle just turned around and sprinted, he had a head start so he was in front
>He stops running after 200 meters or so, turns around, nobody there, he's seriously spooked.
>He reckons it's the spirit of one of Milat's victims, warning people not to go near the forest.

[93]

>hanging out at the beach with some friends
>people are taking pictures about 500 ft away
>it's night, so you can see the flash with every picture
>suddenly, with one flash, a bright, white silhouette of a man running towards me appears
>it's about halfway between the picture takers and me
>before I can say anything, my friend turns and says,
>"What was that?"
>NOPE.jpg

>mfw me, my friend, and my brother all saw the man.

[94]

>be 9
>my mom sent me to week long summer camp every summer to make friends
>the summer camp is located in somewhere in the woods in Finland
>it consists 3 buildings that are something over 100 years old

>the main one where we spent a few hours of the day
>the barracks where we slept, boys and girls in different sections
>and the bath house which was bit away from the other two buildings at the end of small gravel path
>first day went normally (made some friends)
>second night we ask one of the leaders to tell us stories
>he tells us horror story about the barracks
>the barracks had cellar where they used to store potatos when the building was new
>he told us that the original owner's daughter died in the cellar
>Everybody acts cool.jpg
>he leaves and we start talking about the cellar and we decide that one of us will go to the cellar, which was restricted area
>I was the one

Next night:

>I say that I need to use bathroom
>they let me go to the bathroom
>I walked behind the barracks
>opened the doors do the cellar (they look like generic wooden tornado shelter doors)
>I go down the stairs
>It's so dark
>It takes a while for my eyes to get used to the darkness
>The door slams shut
>I was terrified and tried to scream for help, but I couldn't
>can't push the door open, it's stuck
>decide to look what's in the cellar
>just ropes, bags and more bags
>hear something
>can't see anything moving
>There is something in here, must be, I can hear it
>back into the corner
>the voices start sounding like whispers
>silence

>The camp leaders start searching for me
>After while one of the other boys told them that I was in the

cellar

>They come and get me out of the cellar and ask how I got in when there was a lock on the door and bricks on top of it

I spent around 15 minutes in the cellar.

[95]

>be me, aged 9-10

>parents divorced since I was 3

>staying with my dad at weekend - his house was at least 5 miles from any real town/city

>land was quite large, but he didn't own much of it; played on it nevertheless

>large forestry area behind house, which the window in my room was facing

>looking through photo album my dad had

>mostly family photos - birthdays, Christmases etc.

>towards the end, the pictures are of the house, taken from the back of the house

>each one closer than the one before

>several are of me playing in the forest, one clearly taken from behind a tree no more than 50m away from where I was

>wasn't too fussed, since I assumed it was my dad

>asked him why he took them, because they were different to the rest of the pictures

>he seemed bewildered, and began flicking through

>I realised I hadn't looked through all of them, but he was nearing towards the final pages (the ones I hadn't seen)

>noticed colour drain from his face on the penultimate page

>clearly nervous about turning the page

>finally does, and I notice him shiver

>closes album and packs a bag for me and him

>we leave the house and only returned a few times before putting it up for sale

>reported it to the police, but there was little they could do

>skip like 5 years
>ask him what was on the final pages
>he is clearly distressed, and he sits me down
>tells me that they were of me asleep, taken directly by my bedside
>but the last picture was a picture of my window, taken from inside my room
>apparently, several people were stood outside my room with masks on, looking directly at the camera

I still don't understand why I didn't wake up whilst the person was in my room, since I am usually a light sleeper, but I wasn't able to sleep well for the next few months without making sure the window was locked and the curtains were drawn.

[96]

>living in apartment
>second floor has this hand that appeared on the wall and doesn't ever go away
>painted over it multiple times
>scraped the paint off and repainted
>always reappears and bubbles all across it at night
>at night we all hear strange noises outside
>sounds like nails on the wall
>heavy footsteps
>strange breathing outside our windows
>get weird gut feeling and chill down spine just being on the second floor when I walk by it
>took pic of it and felt like something was behind me the entire time

[Search WallHand in the appropriate folder.]

[97]

>In military, stationed at some slum in middle of nowhere
>it's known for having meth shacks and devil worshippers in middle of nowhere
>apparently the hotel I was staying in had a few animal sacrifices in some of the rooms
>trying to go to bed, the air in the room feels unnaturally thick
>try sleeping, but the entire time I have this sensation I am being watched
>been trying to go to bed for about 2-3 hours
>2 am the sensation something is watching me amplifies
>look at the foot of the bed to see this hunched inhuman thing
>entire room smells like rotting corpse
>get my stuff and book it to the lobby
>already tried to move rooms, none available
>sleep on the couch in the lobby and thankfully never have to go back

[98]

>age 16
>just got out of school, summer break
>one week in
>parents gone on vacation, I'm an only child
>no pets
>no friends I talk to outside of school
>playing PS4
>ontopoftheworld.jpg
>power goes out
>oh okay, I guess it's dark
>I didn't know it was already 1 am
>get on phone, use mobile data
>crappy s3, dies within an hour and a half
>2:30 am, in the dark, forgot to get flashlight, power's still out

>start hearing sounds in the house
>creaking and stuff from the stairs to the basement
>screwthat.mp3
>go to bedroom
>trip on a dog
>I don't have a dog
>sprinting down the hallway
>go into room and lock the door
>laying on bed, staring at ceiling, trying to sleep
>hear quiet, deep, purr/growl
>pull covers up
>room gets cold
>hear police sirens
>they fade away, then my doorknob starts to jiggle
>"Oh no, I forgot to lock the doors to the house"
>can'tcarerightnow.png
>grab baseball bat
>go through window
>run to neighbor's house
>20-somethings living together
>crash at their place
>have the bro come with and inspect the house
>see scratch marks down by where the door meets the floor
>ask if I can stay a week
>they don't care
>make friends with the neighbors

I got a sheepdog two weeks later.

[99]

>hanging around with this girl at night
>19, she's 17 (I think, it was a while ago)
>she sometimes tells me her house is haunted
>footsteps heard on the stairs
>some story about finding a knife in her bed

>whatever
>don't really believe her
>one day we're walking around the town we live in and she says she better go home
>walk her home
>saying goodbye to her
>look up and see silhouette of someone at her window
>watching us
>know her parents often wait for her
>"Looks like someone's waiting for you."
>she looks scared
>no one home
>cars gone
>everyone is out for the night
>just her

[100]

>be about 20
>so basically be about a year go
>trying to find a new apartment or something to move into near my new school
>can't find one
>find an old run-down looking place and the dude is trying to find someone to buy it
>don't wanna buy it, but I tell him I'll rent it
>he wants to put me on an insane lease
>tell him I will sign a 6 month lease and not a day longer than that
>sign it, get moved in, it's super cheap, no biggy
>guess he hadn't lived there in a while because it didn't have electricity or internet or anything
>get on the phones and start trying to get the basics hooked up to my new house, but it will take a while
>buy some candles and get a book to keep myself busy until I have my computer and stuff

>have phone playing music on coffee table around 2am while I am reading on the couch
>fairly dark in the room, all I can see is around my and a little bit of the kitchen, the bedroom and bathroom are totally out of sight
>one window next to front door, one in bedroom, one in bathroom, one on the door that leads out the back, near the washer and dryer
>start hearing rustling in the bushes outside the front door
>must be a raccoon or something, just moved in, dunno if they have pests

>think nothing of it, go back to reading
>keep hearing rustling
>starting to get annoying, and paranoia starting to bother me
>don't think I locked the door
>get up and press the button in the knob to lock it
>sit back down and start reading again
>start hearing a sort of scratching at the door, all the while the bushes outside the window are still going crazy
>what is going on
>start hearing what sounds like a sick dog or something, rumblings, hard to explain, just dog noises
>hairs on neck start to stand up
>look at phone and turn the volume all the way down
>consider blowing out candle and acting like nobody is home
>wtf am I thinking
>all blood sinks out of my chest when I realize I hadn't locked the door in the back or the windows in the other rooms
>pick up the candle and start creeping to the back, all the while a slow rumble and noise is still coming from the front door
>lock the back door
>go into my room, nothing in there but my mattress on the floor, lock the window
>on way to lock the window in the bathroom when I realize the sound has stopped
>notice the bathroom door is shut
>didn't think I shut it, try and open it
>almost scream when I realize it is locked
>starting to feel like I am losing my mind, feel the overwhelming

urge to call someone, my parents, a friend who lives in town, anyone

- >phone is on 3%
- >dial up a friend fast
- >no answer
- >start to hear the weird dog noises from my bathroom
- >had enough

- >hastily blow the candle out and drop it, and dash for the door
- >fumble along the wall for a sec before flinging the door open, just as the sounds from the bathroom start to escalate
- >run into the street and keep running till I get to the school's library (about a mile away)

- >go to the top floor and wait there till morning
- >come back and the bathroom is trashed and there is weird stuff everywhere, not dirty, not mud, not sure what it is
- >call the land lord and he won't comment on any of it

Finally, I lived there as long as I had to, it wasn't so bad once I got electricity and stuff, but I still heard some weird noises and stuff sometimes, usually late at night, but one time around 7am. The landlord put some bars on my windows and a cage on my door (didn't put one on the back door for some reason) for free, and it made me feel more uneasy.

[101]

- >Used to live in old legit haunted house
- >All the stereotypical stuff you'd see in one would happen here
- >That included having random, creepy and disturbing dreams about the house and death ALL the time; literally almost every dream was like that
- >Only stopped once my family moved to a new home
- >Anyway back to the story:
- >Home alone
- >Rest of family out doing stuff
- >Middle of the day, figure that nothing spoopy would happen

>99% of the creepy stuff would happen at night
>Get a little spooked, figured it was just me
>To be on the safe side decided to shut all the doors in the house
>Make it upstairs
>Have managed to already close most of the doors
>Slowly start to shut my parents door
>Suddenly it seems to jam half way
>Impossible to happen though, these are simple wooden doors with 50 year old locks, they don't just stop closing half way like this
>Shrug off the bad feeling I'm getting
>Just try pulling as hard as I can
>Suddenly feel the door actually try to yank itself back open
>I actually start to wrestle with the door, trying my best to shut it
>This tug of war goes on for a minute
>At one point a hanger mysteriously shoved itself into the top of the door preventing it from getting completely closed
>Can sense something on the other side, it seems to want the door open
>Suddenly all the other doors start to open up a little despite being closed
>Already scared witless and not having anything any plan of action I tried to banish the entity
>As soon as I did the door stopped tried opening itself
>Very slowly let go of the handle, I was afraid it was a trick and it would go flying open
>Nothing happens
>Decided forget it
>If you want the door open then so be it
>Opened the door all the way
>Get curious, maybe a sibling was playing a prank
>Peek into room, nobody was there
>Look up at one of the door hinge
>One of them had started to be torn out from the tug of war
>Never tried closing the doors again like that when I was home alone

Sometimes I wonder if something like the stuff that happens in the movie The Others really does happen. Where basically ghosts

don't realize they're dead and they see you as ghosts.

[102]

>About 8 years ago the elementary school I used to go to had gotten shut down.

>I had decided for whatever reason to explore the then abandoned building.

>Notice all the doors seem to have the windows shattered and they are all unlocked.

>Also notice that some windows were painted red and green.

>Explored around to find that the carpet under the teacher's lounge had eroded and there was some kind of door.

>It was covered in strange symbols and numbers.

>Naturally I try to open it, but it was stuck.

>So I continue exploring and check out the girl's locker room for some reason.

>Clearly someone has moved around all these lockers and I could hear water running somewhere.

>Went into the girl's shower area and found it wasn't running from there.

>I think I hear metallic noises a few times.

>Go into the boy's locker room to find the same strange symbols painted on a few lockers.

>I trip over some kind of metal twine or something and discover that the paint is wet.

>Also it's clearly the showers in this way that are on.

>I go in and see that indeed someone has set on all the showers.

>On the ground looked like bones from small animals or something. Also a few empty bottles of alcohol and some silicone thing.

>The smell was terrible.

>I make my way back to the main entrance, kinda freaked out from this.

>There was a kind of wash basin thing near the entrance but I

couldn't find it.

>I hear a loud slam a few hallways away and smell some kind of smoke.

>Not long after, this figure steps out of the girl's locker room with some kind of artist's knife and a black cloak.

>Didn't know what it wanted so I ran out.

>Looking back, you could see the faint glow of flames from a few of the rooms.

>They demolished it like 4 years ago, but what was all that?

[103]

>I've been kayaking for 10 years.

>as recently as 3 years ago, I started doing some pretty serious white water runs

>last run I did I hit a set of rapids.

>these rapids were great, but what made them weird is they had 2x different holes in them (raft lingo)

>I dropped into this one hole, hoping to hover in it for awhile.

>unfortunately I got sucked in too close to the wall of the hole and it flipped me.

>as I went into the water I was stuck about 3' under the surface in a jet. It was just holding me there.

>I started to panic

>in front of me appeared what seems to be some type of creature that could effortlessly swim in the rapids, underwater.

>it was hairless and had the skin of an amphibious creature. It treaded in front of me for 2 seconds then swam off like nothing happened. It must have been 6' long and about 150lbs.

>it was then I was able to sink deeper out of the jet and let the current sweep me downstream and up again.

>sometimes I think that creature somehow saved me.

[104]

>Week ago
>Come in house late around 3 am because I was on the radio (My friend hosts a college radio station late at night but that's not important)
>Open door
>Start to feel this really weird feeling that something was behind me
>The hallway to my dads apartment is really spooky looking at night so I just chalked it up to me being a wimp
>Walk in the front door, it's pitch black in the apartment
>The apartment is really small and from past experience I know if I turn on a light someone will wake up, and if I wake my dad up at night EVER for any reason it becomes the biggest deal and gets really pissed
>usually don't wake up if it's just a phone light, so I turn on my phone's flashlight
>feeling is still there as I navigate towards my room, but I sort of just shake it off because I'm so tired I would have shook off a bullet wound just to get to my bed
>About to walk into my room when I see one of my dogs just sitting in the room next to mine
>Dead center of the room he is just sitting there looking straight ahead
>Usually at night he just sleeps on the couch and doesn't wake up when I come in
>I decide to go over, not sure why, honestly I just walked over to him even though I was a second away from blissful sleep
>I get close enough to see his face
>His eyes are full of just raw, animalistic fear
>I've never seen anything like it in my life. This was terror in its purest form he was shaking so hard he almost had motion blur

>The feeling that something was behind me starts getting stronger, almost feels evil in nature
>Still think I'm just a coward
>I just think to myself that he must think I'm an intruder even though he literally never has before

>He starts growling
>I've only seen him growl twice before in his life he just doesn't really do it ever, more of a barker than a growler
>Starts to freak me out a bit so I'm just standing there waiting for him to chill out because if he barks my dad will wake up and be a jerk about it
>The growling gets louder
>I'm standing completely still
>I've never heard a dog growl like this before, It was bloodcurdlingly loud and fierce
>Seriously my dog is tiny, he is a 15 pound boston terrier, even his barks are nothing
>At this point the growling is so loud I can't believe my ears, it's like a wolf is growling at me
>The feeling now is so intense that I start to actually believe it
>I move to the side a little bit towards my room
>His
>Head
>Doesn't
>MOVE
>He is just staring out into the black expanse behind me, growling in fear
>Even when I thought he was growling at me he wasn't fully looking at me more like slightly to my left
>Tension builds for about 5 seconds of intense growling
>Out of nowhere, he suddenly stops
>3 seconds of the most intense silence the world has ever seen passes
>Door creaks behind me and I hear movement
>No one in my house is in any of the rooms behind me
>NOPE
>Run to my room shut the door and block it with a box
>Sleep with the lights on

Since then I've been thinking about it a lot and the only other times I've seen him growl was around 3 am in my room when it was dark in my old house, maybe whatever it was was in my room at some point.

[105]

>Live out in the country.
>Back yard, one side yard, and across the street are all fields.
>I was around 9 or 10.
>Used to always hear this girl's voice asking for her doll.
>Don't think about it since 1. I didn't understand it was supposed to be spooky. 2. It was very faint and took a few times to figure out what was being said.
>Weeks of this happening when one day digging around in the garden I find a very old wooden doll.
>Father called me inside for the night so I decided to leave the doll on the picnic table till the next day.
>Next day I go outside and find the doll missing. Ask family members if they know where the doll went.
>No one has even seen the doll. Deny seeing me with it the previous day.
>After that day I never heard the little girl's voice.

I hope she is still playing with it. Wonder if she tried thanking me.

[106]

Nothing really special, but I was terrified at the time.

>twin cousins staying over in guest room, always had weird feeling about the room
>they're both asleep while I play vidya
>Suddenly hear a faint voice say both their names, sounded nothing like anything two 8 year old girls could produce
>sprint into the room and turn light on
>nothing there except a few places someone could hide
>decide to just wake my cousins and let them know something

weird is happening

- >let them sleep in my bed while I play vidya all night
- >swear to god I hear footsteps outside my room
- >barely make out a laugh

I still avoid that room to this day.

[107]

- >Very large property in Minneapolis, MN. Right down by the river by the Nye's.
- >I have to cover the whole thing myself and the radio never works because I go underground a lot.
- >One part of the property is the oldest church in the state. Very small, very old, has a LOT of unexplained alarms and open doors.
- >I am quick and the cops are quick and we never find any trace of intruders. Always just the alarm and the open doors.
- >Church is not directly related to the rest of story.
- >I found out there is maybe a way to get under the church. There is a modern tunnel running under the building behind the church.
- >The tunnel has a small hatch set into the wall about the size of an XXL pizza box.
- >There is nothing else in the tunnel. Whole place is painted white and very well lit.
- >I am not banned from opening this hatch but it isn't really on my rounds. I decide to open the door.
- >Dark. I can see a mound of dirt in a space that seems very very large. I do not mean like out of space and time large, just probably bigger than a 2 bedroom house, but I cannot really see the other side of it, just this pile of brown dirt.
- >I know this goes in the direction of the church, and from there right down to the caves by the river.
- >I hear something in there. I close the hatch and shiver and sort of start skipping that part of my rounds for a few weeks.
- >New employee gets hired. I decide to show them the hatch, tell them they have to crawl in there, and see what happens.

>"Ok, here is a flashlight. I will be back in an hour and I have to close the hatch while you go in."

>Smart person totally declines and is clearly terrified. Probably of me.

>Since my plan failed I must now figure this out for myself.

>Wait a week. Lots of activity going on at the church and alarms.

>Old church. No marked cemetery or graves. Maybe they got moved?

>Nope. I open the hatch. Power goes out in my beautiful well lit hallway.

>I hear the noise. Tell myself it is a rat.

>It is not a rat because rats don't growl.

>Smell some trash or something.

>Sweating and panicing now. I can't even move to check my radio I am so scared.

>Lights in hall flicker just a tiny bit.

>I see nothing but the same old dirt in the hatch. Slam hatch and secure.

>Turn and look down to end of long hallway in the direction that I do not want to go anymore. I want to go home or hide in command center.

>I see the ghoul Head of dog, crouched over, looking at me, it ducks back around corner.

I carry a gun at night now, and no longer live in the midwest or really go outside after dark or anywhere near old churches.

[108]

>be 11 yo me

>living in a crappy apartment complex in Palmdale

>apartment has a "porch" with a glass sliding door

>parents are out for the night, leave me and my 8 year old brother home alone

>I makes sure all the windows and doors are locked in the

apartment (bad neighborhood, apartment has been broken into before)

>playing Timesplitters 2 with my little brother in our room, door is closed and the lights are out except for our room

>nothing out of the ordinary, then my brother stops playing and puts the remote down

>"Anon?..." My lil bro says as he begins to back away

>I turn to look at the door and its open, my lil bro would later tell me he saw it open on its own

>lights are off in the hallway, its pitch black and I mean pitch black, the light from our room didnt seem to reach the hallway

>I just sit there and kind of look at the darkness frozen

>then I hear a deep guttural groan from the darkness, all the hairs in my body jump

>my lil bro starts sobbing, I jump to my feet and back up to my brother

>A thousand things are rushing through my head

>grew up religious, so I say a prayer to myself

>suddenly The groaning just stops, I reach down and bolt out the door

>run straight to the hallway light and flip it, then the living room light, every single light in the apartment

>then I check the windows and doors, all lock like I left them

>my lil bro is close behind me, turn on the living room tv to the local news to have some kind of background noise for comfort

>this was before cell phones were common so I couldn't contact parents, had to wait for them to return

>they finally get home, lil bro rushes to my mom crying, I try to explain the best I could while fighting back tears

>parents are shocked, dad goes room to room checking locks and lights while my mom goes around praying and sprinkling oil in each room (shes very religious/superstitious/whatever you call it)

>Parents never leave us home alone ever again, if they go out they leave us at grandmas or aunts place

>eventually move ot of that place and nothing like this ever happens again

Guys, I'm not very superstitious and I never scared easily, but I think about that night every now and then. I'm not sure what happened, I don't like to dwell on it but I've never doubted the existence of some kind of spiritual plane ever since. Thanks to anyone who reads this, I've never really told this story before.

[109]

I've had a lot of things happen to me that I can't explain, but this is by far the scariest.

In my town everyone here knows of the urban legend of a woman who was raped at the army base by Japanese soldiers, found out she was pregnant and then hung herself from a Poinciana tree. Thus she is known as the 'Poinciana woman.' It is said she only haunts men in revenge, is dressed in a long white dress with long black hair and can be found in the army tunnels at the base we have here on the cliffs.

One night when I was around maybe twelve years old, my elder brother and sister and their partners decided to go to the army tunnels to smoke. Even now, the gate is easy enough to break the lock on and sneak in, teenagers do it all the time (as have I). The army tunnels are locked but have concrete pillars you can climb up on the outside, this is what it looks like.

At around 11pm is when they go, as soon as they get into the tunnels they start yelling out and taunting her as a joke, hear footsteps shortly after and leg it out of there and come home.

I was awake and on the family computer, my mum was drunk and listening to music on the TV loudly, my little brother was in his room getting ready for bed and my other siblings all asleep in their rooms. It was around midnight when my brother comes running from his room screaming, "CAN YOU HEAR THAT?!" Over

and over again, racing over to mum for the remote and muting the TV. He drags me over to the window and we stand there in silence listening.

There was a faint women's moan in the wind, it would circle from the window we were at, to the window on the opposite side of the room, and the next; circling the house. What once was a completely still night had turned into almost stormy weather without the rain, the wind picked up and was circling with the noise around the house. The sound got so loud that eventually my brother and I were on the floor covering our ears crying, it's almost as if covering our ears did nothing, it didn't dull the sound at all. This went on for maybe ten minutes, before it came to a complete and sudden stop, no dulling out or gradual decrease, a sudden stop. My mum couldn't hear a thing at the time and doesn't remember this happening.

I guess the reason why I am convinced it was the poinciana woman is because years later after moving from the house, I realized there was a poinciana tree outside of that window.

[110]

I was a passenger on a plane about 75-100 miles south of Greenland. Pilot made a sudden dramatic sharp right turn that tipped the contents of a drink cart on someone. To the left of the plane were two massive metallic spheres (less than a few hundred yards away), each one about the size of an aircraft carrier, they just sat there in the air at 35,000ft - had a really shiny sort of wet appearance. Flight attendants asked everyone to close the shutters, everyone had seen it though and what-was-that's commenced for the next 30 minutes.

That was about 8 or 9 years ago and I still wonder what the hell it was and how close we came to hitting them.

[111]

A year before my grandma died she would always see imaginary children and people as well. I remember one morning I had to get up for work, and at that job I had to get up around 3 am where it's still dark, which I dreaded because she slept on a bed in the living room, and I was always afraid she'd say something creepy.

And one day she said "where's that little girl with the bloody face?" To which the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Then she preceded to say "oh there she is standing in the corner" and pointed at the corner. I you not that's the most scared I've ever felt in my entire life.

[112]

We have a 7 year old cat who is female, we didn't spay her, then there's a 2 year old cat male, who is her son. Here's the issue, the older female keeps giving birth to deformed kittens, some die during birth, some stay alive for a few days before dying. We haven't spayed her so far because my mom says it's cruel to the cat, anyway, we let her give birth, yada yada, then throw out the kittens once they die.

She recently gave birth three days ago, two kittens, one is abnormally small (cockroach size), lived 1 day, other is a bit smaller than typical newly-born-healthy-cat size, he died today, in the morning. We didn't find his corpse so far, we suspect he hid somewhere before he died, long story short, mom is asleep now, it's 2:45 AM.

>be browsing /x/
>leling at all the idiots posting stupid sp00py ghost illuminati

ayylmao magick spirits threads

>stupid roleplayers

>power goes out during reading rather creepy thread

>pretty scared

>pick up laser-pointer flash-light hybrid I got for like 50 cents, turn on flashlight, it's weak, can barely see, but it works to find phone

>9% battery

>oh well

>put phone in pocket, go to mom's bedroom and sit by her bedside

>she doesn't notice me

>feel a bit more comfortable cause living person nearby

>noises all around the house

>deduce it's cats

>we have 5 cats

>randomly 4 cats rush into mom's room

>they all look scared

>all cats except tiny new dead kitten's mother

>mfw when O.o

>brush it off as cat stuff

>little pointer allows using both the laser and the light at the same time

>the light is 900 times weaker when laser on, allowing you to see only a shadowy-thingy of stuff

>whatever.jpg

>try to play with cats using laser

>they don't seem to see it

>try harder

>one of them seems to see it

>2 seconds later, it's looking back at the darkness, along with the other cats

>spooky

>use logic to reduce spookiness

>cats see in 6 times the light level of humans, they're probably looking at some fly in the dark

>science solved it

>sit there for 10 minutes or so, cat behavior does not change

>wiggling light around for 10 minutes
>suddenly the cats back away and seem to look at something moving closer
>wut.jpg
>suddenly something black darts into the room
>mfw O_O
>deduce some centipede or spider
>find and terminate!
>gotta not wake mom
>take moms shoe
>use crappy flashlight
>look under bed
>it's the dead cat
>ohwhat.jpg
>there are so many things wrong with this
>baby kittens can't move this quick
>it's dead
>what
>it darts towards me and bites my arm, no idea how it pierced through
>smack, it flies away and into curtain, which is long and extends on the floor a bit
>wut
>go to it, it's hiding in the curtain
>hit it with shoe
>pretty sure I squashed it
>screams
>mom wakes up
>cry
>mom is disturbed when she sees me holding her shoe and crying
>"What happened?"
>stutter and point at where the kitty corpse was
>there's nothing there
>bite mark is still there
>try to explain what happened, show bitemark
>mom doesn't believe, tells me to go to my room for waking her over stupid prank
>power goes back on

>spooked again, obey mom
>go to room
>inb4 just under my couch, which has a space under it
>the dead kitten's corpse
>feel tightness in chest
>go on /x/
>type this

[113]

>my room is at the end of a hallway
>parents room is immediately right of my door
>bathroom is at opposite end of hallway of my room
>in between parents room and bathroom is a closet
>for my entire life there has been a vacuum in the closet that looks like a person when you walk past at night
>used to spook me a bit, but I got used to it

Alright, here's what happened to me about 5 minutes ago and I'm not really sure why it's bothering me so badly.

>came home from work around 11pm and just layed in bed for a while
>around 1am I had to take a piss so I walked down the hall to the bathroom
>really notice the human silhouette of the vacuum for the first time in years
>whatever, it's the vacuum, go to bathroom
>on my way back my mom is standing in her doorway
>hey mom, have you ever noticed how the vacuum looks like a person in the closet?
>"I used to with our old vacuum, but I got rid of that thing like 2 years ago."
>thought that was weird, but said goodnight to her and went back to my bed
>Laying here I've realized that I have never in my entire life seen

my mom out of bed after 8 pm

>I go outside my room to look in the closet just because I'm kind of weirded out

>there's nothing in there to remotely look like a person

>walk back to room and see mom standing in the hallway again.

>ask her why she's still up

>"I was just talking with your dad."

>my dad lives in Wisconsin, 2 hours ahead of California. Its 3:30 am there.

>realize I haven't seen or talked to my dad in over a month

I just feel really uncomfortable right now, something doesn't seem right.

[114]

>Christmas party at my house when I was 14

House is old-school ranch style - one long hallway from garage entrance to bathroom, entire length of the house

>By bathroom it T's with a short hallway fto my room and another to my parent's master suite

>Main door to house in middle of hall; standing at the front door you can see literally every entrance to the house from outside that isn't a window.

>Because of hall we leave the bathroom light on all night and have a night light by door to garage

>My Aunt J, Uncle H, and 2 cousins are the last to leave; we are all by the front door saying goodbye

>Someone walks from my room to my parents' room, casts shadow down hall.

>Aunt J says 'who was that?"

>Everyone left in the house is with us.

>Dad. Uncle H, and I check their parents' room - nothing. Search the closets, even under the bed.

>Check my room - nothing; check everywhere

>Mom, Aunt J, kids can all see the doors and most of the rest of

the house - no one, nothing.

>Everyone agrees - we all saw a man, about 6 feet tall, in jeans and a blue shirt, walk from my bedroom to parents' bedroom. He even made the squeaky floor creak.

>Face was in shadow from light behind him, but white guy with short hair

>Me, dad, uncle agreed that was what he looked like while in rooms

>mom, aunt, kids agreed that was what he looked like in hall - we didn't talk to each other about description until later.

>Finally go outside; it had snowed 3 days before - no footprints by windows to wither room.

>Aunt, Uncle, cousins all leave, freaked out.

>Dad and I seal up the house and search everything and every where.

>Nothing. No one. No hint anyone had been there but us.

>About a year later have some friends over for a BBQ

>One of them goes to the bathroom, comes back out asks me,

>"Who else is here?"

>Tell him no one

>He says he saw a guy in my room, reading a book.

Everyone who is invited is with us.

>I check the house - it is empty, the doors locked except for the one to the deck, where everyone is sitting.

>Ask friend more

>Says he saw a white guy, about 6', in jeans and a blue shirt

>Couldn't really see his face very well

>Dat after the BBQ I tell my dad about what my friend saw.

>He tells me mom had seen 'the guy' in the kitchen, cleaning the counters, reflected in a window, but no one was there when she went into the room

>He saws my sisters claimed they saw him in the living room, sitting on the couch and watching TV. They looked down to get a camera out and when they looked up he was gone.

>We were nervous for a while but we stopped seeing anything and, eventually, just blew it off

>I joined the army at 18, went off and had a great time, but got

injured and ended my enlistment, got accepted to a school far away from home

>Visiting my parents after I got out I stayed in my old room for a weekend before I left

>Mom asked me to help her clean the kitchen before family came over for dinner with me before I left

>I am in cleaning the kitchen and look up - mom is white as a sheet, staring at me

>She says,

>"It was you. When I saw someone in the window, it was you."

>I look down

>I'm 6', wearing jeans and a blue shirt.

I'm wiping the counters

>Realize I have been all the places and doing all the things we saw on this very day.

>Mom says,

>"I didn't recognize you because you were older"

>Tell dad about it, he says,

>"Makes as much sense as anything else. Let's eat."

[115]

>About 12-13 years old, living with my mom and stepdad in old house

>Never had any hard proof the place was haunted but I always had these odd vibes as a kid

>Mainly just write it off as me being an easily spooked kiddo

>Anyway I had this cat, total bro tier, chilliest cat ever and I loved him to death.

>On the weekends when I could stay up late he would sit in my lap and sleep while I played Battlefield 1942 into the wee hours of the morning.

>Life was good

>But then there was one night, it was around midnight I think,

>Playing games with buddy the cat, as per usual, but I notices he

seems rather tense.

>He has his head locked towards the open doorway that leads to the kitchen area.

>He's ignoring my petting and such just keeping his head locked that way.

>Little weirded out but I just play it off as cats being weird, because well, cats are weird

>Then suddenly lapcat jumps off and slowly starts stalking towards the doorway

>Not really spoood at this point just confused

>He then goes through the door and rounds the corner, all the lights are off cuz I'm the only one up, only light is coming from computer monitor

>He freezes and stares for a few seconds

>Then all the hair on his back stands up,

>His tail poofs up all big like when theyre threatened

>Lets out the loudest and most intense hiss I've ever heard from him, then immediately turns and sprints out the room and up the stairs.

>Oh

>God

>No

>I'm literally paralyzed with fear for about 2 seconds before I slam on the power button and force shutdown the computer mid game

>Run up the stairs to my room, cats hiding under my bed.

>Heart pounding like a conga drum

>Lock door, slept with the lights on.

To this day I still don't know if it was just my cat being a cat or there was actually something there. I know animals can sense spirits better than humans and such.

>Civil War reenactor
>At Chancellorsville, rebel yellin' it up
>It's about 5 or 6 in the morning, so no spectators.
>At camp
>Young boy, about 14, walks up to me
>Asks me where he can find the captain
>Tell him captain's out talking with the General
>"It's urgent, sir, can you tell me where General Lee's tent is?"
>Tell him to head up the path and he'll find it
>"Thank you, sir."
>Watch him, see him walk into the tent cause our unit ain't far from the officers
>Few hours later, talking with our captain
>"Hey, what did that kid want?"
>"What kid?"
>"The one that needed to talk with General Lee this morning."
>"The only men talking to General Lee this morning where Jackson, a few other unit leaders, and me."
>waypastspooked

Also:

I wanna say it was the second day of Gettysburg, July 2nd. It was around 3:00, so we were in the middle of firefights and such. Our unit had taken the treeline, and were hiding in the scrub to ambush any yankees that marched by. Most of the guys are resting, I'm taking watch alongside one of the officers to let everyone know when any federals come. All of a sudden, just one man marches in. One yankee. He's completely silent the whole time,. He stops, gets in position, aims, and fires without making a sound before disappearing. I asked the Lieutenant if he'd just seen that and he confirmed I wasn't the only one.

I'll have to talk with him but I got a buddy who claims to have seen things at Sharpsburg.

[117]

>14 years old
>watching a movie in the living room
>only one at home because everyone else is at Walmart
>getting towards the end of Watchmen
>start hearing a kid laughing
>it's coming from my little brother's room
>wait, I'm home alone
>decide to stand up and see if I'm just hearing things
>it keeps laughing
>start walking down towards the source of the sound
>the further I go down the hallway, the closer I get to it
>it actually sounds like I'm getting closer to the source of this noise
>get to the doorway
>I can hear it coming from the center of the room
>nothing in the room
>take one step into the room
>it immediately stops
>yeah no forget that, I got a movie to finish

This one actually happened later that night:

>feeling paranoid because of the laughing, but it was broad daylight and it soon goes away
>can't get to sleep and I'm thirsty so I'll go get some water
>lately the house had this weird feeling like something was watching/following me, but tonight it was gone
>kitchen light was left on
>hell yeah, feeling brave now
>get some water
>start feeling like something's watching me again
>screw it, the lights are on
>"If anything's in here, prove it."
>something falls over in the living room next to the kitchen
>remember what happened earlier
>run to my room and try to get some sleep

>leave the bathroom light on because I'm freaking out right now
>an hour later hear my brother get up and walk down the hall
>he always does this because he's around 10 and always gets water
>roll over to tell him to go to sleep
>footsteps pass my room
>brother does not
>officially freaking out now
>footsteps speed up like they're pattering around
>realize I can hear them in my room
>not sure if it's just the fear getting to me or what, but I'm freaking out
>lie on my back and position the blankets so I got tunnel vision towards the ceiling
>suddenly looks like there's a burned image in my eyes
>I wasn't looking at any lights what the hell
>burned image takes shape of a head
>can even see eyes and teeth
>teeth look like toothpicks
>the face flies right at my face and disappears
>lights go on
>xbox goes on
>play vidya until sunrise

Mom never believed me either, despite the fact things kept happening at that house.

[118]

>Be...I dunno 15?
>At friend's house watching Battle Royale in living room
>Living room is connected to long hallway leading to friend's room
>House always feels creepy, like someone is watching
>Everyone always feels that way
>Whatever, just watchin' movie

>See something strange in movie
>A man's face is peering from behind the corner of a hallway
>Head and hand are pure white
>The eyes, nose, and mouth are blurred out - like pencil smudges. No detail.
>Man slowly goes back behind corner
>Think: "that's weird. Kinda random for this kind of movie....."
>Slow brain suddenly started working
>Man's face wasn't from the movie
>I was looking at my friend's hallway

I don't know why it took me so long to understand what I had seen. Shock, maybe? I told my friends about it and they... weren't surprised.

One of the bigger guys stomped down the hallway to kinda check it out/scare it away and didn't see anything. Then they started telling me how they would have vivid dreams about an old man and a little girl dressed in very old clothing. I dunno if that had anything to do with what I saw, however.

[119]

>Be my brother
>Driving down this road literally nicknamed Demon's Road for all the ghost sightings, creepy cemetery, and handprints found on cars
>Find dead dog
>Takes a pic with his crappy early-2000s flip phone
>It's as clear as you're gonna get with a phone like that
>>Show it to a friend later
>The pic has turned all static-y and distorted
>nope
>Brush it off and return to the road the next day
>The freshly dead dog is now a fully decayed skeleton

[120]

>Walking home from a late night snack run

>It's about 2AM, dark and rainy/foggy. I'm walking down a highway that's usually busy but is deserted right now, thick woods on the other side of highway, can barely see anything it's so dark

>I'm kind of zoning off on the walk back (about 10-15 minutes average) when I hear a whooping sound

>Lived in this area for over 10 years, have never heard anything like it. Briefly think it may be a monkey or a tropical bird, but I'm in the American Northeast at 2 in the morning so both are rather unlikely

>Keep hearing it, eventually realize it's coming from the woods across the highway, start scanning to see if I can make out anything through the dark

>There's a silhouette

>At first think it's a bear, then realize that there hasn't been a bear sighted in this area for decades, and it's not moving at all

>Then think it's a tree, but it's not shaped like a tree

>All I can make out is a massive silhouette, taller than I am, and standing perfectly still next to a street sign

>Scooby-Doo part of my brain wants to go investigate, more rational part of my brain reminds me all I have to defend myself is a cheap plastic umbrella

>The whooping continues, louder and louder, while this shape stands there motionless

>Eventually resolve to keep walking normally while keeping an eye on it, and if it so much as twitches to run as fast as I can

>The whole way down this road it's standing there motionless, whooping sound gradually fades into the distance behind me

>Eventually reach the turn for my road, it's under a streetlamp, so the light makes me feel confident

>Chuckle to myself about what a moron I was, how it must've been a tree or something, continue down the road to my house

>I can see my house in the distance when I hear a whoop, behind me and muffled

>Turn around just in time to see a shadow pass in front of the streetlamp way off in the distance briefly blocking out its light
>mfw this streetlamp was about 10 feet off the ground
>Decide forget acting manly, turn and sprint as fast as I can for my house
>I wish I could say I heard footsteps and growling behind me to make this more exciting, but it was dead quiet, save for the constant whooping that was getting louder and louder
>Throw myself into my front door, thankfully I put 99 points into Dexterity and get lock open on first try, throw door shut behind me and deadbolt it
>Without hesitation go through house making sure every door and window is firmly secured
>By the third round I realize that the whooping is gone, can only hear it faintly in the distance now
>Throughout the night regularly hearing whooping at different points around me, all from miles around

I still have no idea what exactly it was. I went out that way again (day time obviously), and where I saw the silhouette there's nothing, it's a blank patch of grass. I don't know if it was a bunch of guys hiding under a tarp or the biggest bear in America, but whatever it was moved on some time in the night.

I don't go walking alone at night time anymore.

[121]

>Driving to freshman orientation at ASU two years ago with my grandma
>Stop at a parking lot next to a Methodist church, they charge for parking, we pay
>Pulled into a spot in front of a middle aged woman gardening, not many cars around us
>Extra time = grandma and I getting lost in a conversation

>looking around as we talk, casually observing the lady gardening
>Grandma non-challantly turns her head to the right, and jumps
>"Woah! it's a ghost!"
>I laughed for a milisecond because her reaction was that
cartoonishly retarded
>looked over to the right and saw a black sedan parked right next
to us
>Asian and/or white woman with Asian-ish qualities, black bob,
and business suit
>Staring right at us, not blinking
>As we continue to stare at the strange and possibly ethnic
woman, her mouth makes a sort of smile
>Looks at grandma
>grandma looks at me
>With perplexed expressions, we slowly get out and start walking
to the Memorial Union
>Car was gone after we returned

I vividly remember how off-putting this woman was. At first I was startled by how it looked like she was staring at us the whole time with this dead look in her eye. I would have thought she was a corpse if she didn't slowly smile after a few seconds. The gardener did not notice anything out of the ordinary from what we could observe, she continued on with her business and I guess did not witness this woman. To this day, we cannot amount it to anything logical other than some kind of entity. Everything looked so normal, but so off.

>Black sedan = normal
>Business attire = normal
>haircut = asian bob, but normal
>Vacant stare = Creepy
>Vacantly staring at us from the next car over and slowly smiling
= heeby jeebies

Definitely not a "AAAAAH, I'M SCARED" moment, but more of a "this is mildly off-putting, I have no way to explain this, and let's get out of the car since I'm feeling really uncomfortable."

[122]

I took care of my mother for six and a half years and she had end stage dementia. One night when I was putting her to bed she started talking about the people who were at our house. There was no one here but me and her. She did this a lot though so it wasn't unusual. I asked her if there was anyone in the room with us and she said, "a lady". I asked who the lady was and she said it was her mother. My grand mother. After a few seconds I asked her if her mother was still in the room. She looked past me to the open bedroom door and said, "Not anymore".

I don't believe in the paranormal but my mother has said things that creeped me the hell out. She died here at home and I hope she isn't still here. In fact, when I brush my teeth I close the bathroom door because her room was right across from the bathroom and I don't want to see anything out of the corner of my eye.

[123]

>Rest Stop towards New Mexico
>completely lonely safe the dessert
>it's 2 a.m and I'm beat
>close my eyes briefly and hear someone trying to open my door
>freakishly long face man with sunken eyes and an unexplainably freakier smile yanking at my door
>NOPE
>honk and drive off as I call the cops
>get a call in New Mexico
>apparently no one was there but me, said a trucker

[124]

My cousin always has weird stuff happen to him. He tells me these stories of things he sees at night and voices he hears. It's almost like a weekly thing that something happens to him. I was at his house by myself once and this is probably the creepiest thing that happened to me.

>be me (about 16)
>lifting weights in his basement
>no one is home
>when I'm done I decide to get a shower there
>showering on the second floor
>*knocking on the bathroom door*
The knocking startled me, but I figured his dad or mom came home and wanted to see who was showering
>I ask, "Who is it?"
>"Open up."
>it was his dad's voice
>I crack open the door and peek out to see what he wants
>no one is there
>what?
>finish showering and go into my cousin's room
> getting dressed, when I hear the same knock pattern on his closet door
>pause for a few seconds, then ask, "Who is it?"
> it says "open up" in his dad's voice
>umm no
>leave his house
>notice when I leave that no other cars were there

[125]

>Be 8 years old

>New Years Eve party at home
>Lives in 150 year old ex-convent (A place where nuns lived, I was raised Catholic)
>Be hanging out in basement with older sister and her friends
>Everyone else is upstairs watching ball drop
>Lights suddenly go out
>Still a lantern on in a corner down the hallway because of no light reaching there
>Looks through a large square section cut out of wall the looks towards staircase leading upstairs
>Sees a full body shadow of what looked like a female figure wearing a head dress similar to a nuns
>Not regular shadow, looked solid and three dimensional, but entirely black
>Go to bed that night and hear my name called multiple times, but everyone is asleep
>Wake up with my name carved on the wood around my window

[126]

>Wake up at about 4:00 AM
>Sun barely coming over the horizon
>Take a jog down the road while listening to some music
>98.9 THE ROCK FM
>Nothing like good old classic rock
>Make it to the mile and a halfpoint, start jogging back
>Pass my neighbor, who is also a loner corn farmer
>me and him never got along though
>Half a mile to my house
>Radio turns to static
>Get a phone call
>Pick it up
>It's my neighbor, who's house I just passed by
>He says "Who was that dude running behind you?"
>Figure he's screwing with me, so I decide to do it back
>"That's my sister bro"

>He replies in a serious tone "Don't give me that, that was a dude."
>At this point I am on edge
>Ask him "What? I was kidding about my sister, but now I am a bit freaked out."
>Look behind me, no one.
>the phonecall cuts, and static starts playing again
>Sprint back to my house
>Grab a gun
>Sit on my porch for a good 20 minutes with shotgun in hand
>Call my neighbor back
>Ask him what the person looked like
>he tells me it was a tall dude wearing a bath robe and carrying something that resembled a clock
>Ask him what drugs he had been taking
>He hangs up on me
>spooked out
>didn't sleep easy that night

[127]

This happened a couple years ago and thinking about it still freaks me out.

>be me two years ago
>summer break
>staying at a friend's overnight
>2 a.m., friend and I have nothing to do so we start googling haunted places near us
>read about a closed down monastery up in the mountains where a nun committed suicide by grabbing a kid (place doubled as an orphanage) and jumping in a pool of water
>supposedly super haunted
>look it up on google maps, it's a few miles away
>overgrown with trees now, since it's up in the mountains
>decide since there's nothing to do we might as well check it out

>pack up with flashlights and head out, get psyched up telling stories on the way up
>finally get there, park in some trees and walk to the entrance
>whole place is fenced off with barbed wire so we decide to try the main gate
>friend starts climbing the gate, immediately gets the crap scared out of him when a security guard shines a flashlight in his face and starts cussing him out
>guard yells at us both to leave or he's going to call the cops

It turns out the landowners put up the wire and hired a private security place after some teenagers broke in a few years ago and one of them got hurt and sued

>we leave and go to get in the car, buckle up, and are getting ready to leave when my friend stops dead and just stares
>I look out the windshield at what he's staring at and almost lose it

Inside the fenced off area, walking through the trees was a woman in a dated looking white dress. Not coming at us, not screaming or anything stupid like that, just walking in a straight line parallel to where we parked, inside the grounds of this place.

>friend and I look at each other, burn rubber, and spend the rest of the night with all the lights in his place on

[128]

Back when I lived with my parents me and my brother slept in bunk beds when I was about 13-14. Our room connected to a small hallway outside with our parents room to our left, the bathroom right across from us, a guest room to the left of the bathroom (which was my sisters room at the time) and a closet at the very end of the hallway between my parents room and ours.

I was awake one night on the bottom bunk. It was about 11:00pm and the door was slightly open. My brother and everyone was asleep.

Then I hear a couple creaks on the wall in the hallway to the right of our bedroom door. I think nothing of it, old houses make noises from time to time. 5 seconds later I hear two more creaks on the wall.

After about 30 seconds of silence I hear something that sounds like the weight of a dog crawling on the wall outside back and forth in the hallway really fast. It couldn't be an animal stuck in the wall because the spacing of the steps were too wide, and our door nearly reached the ceiling.

It goes on for 10 seconds, and my brother wakes up and calls my name. All I can manage to whisper is that I hear it as well. The crawling goes on for another 10 seconds and slows to a stop directly to the right of our door out in the hall.

I half expected to see something. I didn't, but I could feel SOMETHING looking in at us. Me and my brother didn't move for two minutes. Utter silence.

We both then made a break for our parents door to wake them up freaking out. They didn't hear a thing and my dad went around the house looking for whatever it might be.

I have no idea what it was.

[129]

I'm awful at story-telling, so I can't make this as suspenseful as it was experiencing at first hand, but...

>early morning, like 3AM. have a McDonald's that's just about a

half mile from my backyard. have to walk through woods and a church to get there

>walking to McDonald's with a friend, it's cold and pitch dark outside, no lights inside of the church are on except for the outside lights that shine on the front of the church

>only source of light are the streetlights in the parking lot, can't even see where to walk otherwise

>no cars in the parking lot, the church is empty and dark

We get to McDonald's, eat our food, start walking back home.

>don't take the parking lot route this time, instead walk through grass towards the front of the church

>it's hard to even see where we're going

>I glance up at the church for a moment, where there's a long row of large solid glass windows, lit up by the lights from outside

>suddenly I choke up and freeze with fear

>there's a guy in the very middle of the row of windows, standing there staring at us from inside

>almost unable to speak from fear, I ask my friend if he sees the guy as well

>he does, at this point we're both freaking out

>I autistically wave at the guy (was sorta my way of trying to let him know we're not intending to break in or trespass)

>take off running as fast as we can all the way home, taking every possible shortcut through the woods, not looking back

I've never been back there at night. The place was an eerie enough setting just by itself. Forget that, I'll use the streets from now on.

[130]

>Living in a row of condos

>Late at night, having a cigarette at the lounge window looking out into my backyard.

>Windy night
>Witch of a night
>Trees are waving around
>Clouds sweeping by
>Suddenly I see a black shape sweeping across the next-door neighbour's yard a few feet off the ground
>It's like both here, and not here.
>It both occupies space, but yet doesn't.
>It's like space has been warped by this black, swiftly-moving, death-shroud form as it sweeps through the neighbour's windy garden making a strangely focused beeline towards the neighbour's back door.
>An instant later as it passes from my view and would have, by its speed and motion, now entered into the neighbour's condo, I hear a huge bang from inside the guy's lounge which shares a wall with our lounge.
>Like instantly: as that form entered his home, there was a huge thump from within his lounge that I could hear through the wall.

[131]

>night before Halloween 2007
>me, friend, and brother decide to go into the woods right before night
>walk around for about an hour
>pass time talking about edgy stuff
>still a little light its clearly getting dark
>see what looks like a dark, hooded figure sitting on a fallen down tree
>all three of us freeze and can't move
>after about 30 seconds it vanishes
>all three of us are a mix of scared and happy because we thought it was cool.
>it gets completely dark
>we get lost in the woods and don't get home for another hour.

The weird part is I used to walk in these woods all the time and we didn't go anywhere in them that I've not been before, so we shouldn't have gotten lost. I'll be honest, a part of me thinks we didn't really see anything and just wanted to see it, but the weird part is that all three of us saw it. It wasn't a "look over there man" and the friends believed they saw it because someone said something, we all saw it at the same time.

I even had a neighbor who said he'd seen it in the neighborhood, although he refereed to it as "the grim reaper." My friends and I just called it "the demon."

It wasn't until a couple of years later when I learned about shadow people, but the more I read about them the more it seemed like they were something only related to sleep paralysis, so it was weird to see one outside while I was wide awake.

[132]

I was 11 or 12 at the time and this was in New Mexico, I got invited to go on a camping trip with boy scouts. It was different from what they normally do as it was all weekend long. It was more towards winter so everyone including me had brought heavy jackets and things similar to that for clothing, I'll tell you why I bring that up in a bit.

Anyways, we finally arrived to a grass plain with a small lake off to the left, lemme try to describe this better. There's the path that leads into the plain and it's basically a flat area in the middle of the woods, the forest surrounding the circular plain was all hills. Once we all arrived we set up our tents and got sticks and some logs for a campfire. This was around 3 pm and it was still light out so most of the kids including me decided to explore the hills surrounding the clearing, Most of it was pretty uneventful, some deer, might see a rabbit as well, until we spotted what looked like

a man made object. Once we got closer we saw it was a wood house, Like legit some people stacked logs onto each other to make a house. while everyone else explored and examined it I had noticed something else that looked strange to me and when I got closer to look at it I realized it was a grave. Cross, memorial and all.

There were 2 of them, one of them had a bigger cross then the other and below the smaller cross was a collar. Looked like a dog collar to me. underneath the bigger cross was a marble memoir that had written on it "I'm so sorry for everything. I truly love you, please believe me."

I was getting chills now and felt like I was being watched by someone or something, something that I couldn't see. But I could just... feel it. I turned back and was heading towards the house where people were still examining the house when I had the urge to turn around and look back at the graves.

What I wasn't expecting was someone to be standing there. It was this middle aged man with a scraggly unshaven beard and a tattered short sleeve with some ripped looking blue jeans. No one else seemed to see him except for me and I was too surprised by him suddenly being there to say anything. This guy came out of nowhere, I swear I would've heard him coming cause of all the sticks and pine-cones on the ground. He was just... staring at me, for about 30 seconds. Then turned towards the crosses and crouched, it looked like he was mourning. He did this for about a whole minute, me not taking my eyes off of him. Once he finished he turned back towards me and gave me one of the saddest looks I've ever seen in a person's face. He pointed towards the log cabin everyone was inspecting, like an idiot I reacted to this by turning back to look at it.

When I turned back, he was gone. Literally nowhere to be seen. The place wasn't heavily wooded so I definitely would've seen him either running or walking away. I asked anyone else if they saw the person and they looked at me like I was crazy. Later during the night people decided to walk up there again and I was way

too creeped out to wanna go back there, especially during the night. I have no idea who that was or what happened there but I feel like something really dark happened either in that house or near the house.

[133]

>In living room there is a big picture window which looks out onto the road
>Some creepy stuff has happened on this road (it leads to a highway) like suicide, disappearances, accidents, etc.
>Be last week, sitting on the couch facing the window
>On skype with a girl at 3am
>Listening to her tell a story
>See someone walking down the road (it's a big hill on my part)
>Weird, but I've seen it before
>Person comes into the streetlight in front of driveway
>They randomly start to cross the road
>Half way across (still in the light) they just disappear
>Text brother the next day about it
>Says he's seen the same thing before

I was more curious than spooked, but it still got a "woah hey guys" out of me.

>Be same road as other story
>somewhere around 2008 I think (I just know I was in highschool)
>A few months before a guy who was walking back here late at night stepped out in front of a transport. Needless to say he was killed, one of the firefighters had to be psychiatrically evaluated after because of the mess.
>Have friend over for the day, this is early September back then.
>We decide to be edgy and want to walk over a KM in the dark (no streetlights past my house)
>We start walking and see a transport coming so we get off the road

>Transport never comes, realize its not making the noise of a transport
>Get back on road look for the transport, don't see anything.
>Big gust of wind comes like the transport is passing right by us.
>Hear a blood curdling scream and we both freeze
>We bolt back to my driveway and just try to grasp the events that just happened.

>Be this year, May I believe
>With a girl I know on her birthday
>We decide to go for a walk, have to cut through a graveyard near a church to get to the park
>Getting to the back end of the graveyard, the main road is right beside the church and graveyard
>Getting near to the park and either she or I walk over a grave in particular
>I stop and go back because it was an old gravestone. I brush off the moss, it's a child grave
>Begin to read the name off to her
>The death bell in the church begins tolling a total of 18 times
>People looking out windows and slowing down to see what is going on
>After I take my hand off the grave stone and back away it stops
>Church doors creak open eerily
>Look at girl and be like "right then, let's just go to the park"
>She was spooked, I was spooked, everyone was spooked

[134]

This one is not my personal story, but one from my sister.

Background: There used to be a farm house way back in the middle of nowhere around here. After the family either moved or died, other people settled in (squatters). There was a period in the mid-late 90s where there was a satanic cult operating around here. Since I'm 22, I don't recall most of this obviously being too

young, but my sister and brother remember it well. There were several murders at that house around this time. One guy was even pinned to the wall while he bled out on the floor.

>So my sister was a typical 90s party girl, into Nirvana, Metallica (the black album), country and pop.
>She gets invited to a big party back there. (big party around here is 30 people)
>Everyone knows the stories, and this is just after the disappearance of some drifters and the satanists, so circa 1998.
>They all go back there because "lol so edgy" They called it the red army house (doubt it's based on the Soviets)
>Everyone having a good time, its eerie but they're partying, people are getting freaked out at the knife in the wall, the picture frames with blood all over them, etc.
>Hear a huge crash in the upstairs
>One guy goes up to investigate
>He's gone for like 15 minutes
>Everyone hears his scream
>He runs down the stairs, nose is bloody and he's really pale, he's terrified
>Tells everyone to get out now and runs out of the house and off into the darkness
>Everyone leaves because god knows what he saw
>Guy goes missing for 2 weeks
>Shows up at school like nothing happened

In the years since then, he's been in and out of the psych ward, had several suicide attempts. I have no idea where he lives now. He won't tell anyone what he saw, when asked about, he gets really angry. Spooky.

[135]

*Vera A.
Dau. of W. H. & M. E. Armitstead*

July 22, 1893 - Feb. 28, 1899

[Pic was provided]

This is the grave of a little girl who haunts my old high school. All the staff/janitors/anyone who would stay after school for almost any period of time would run into her. Constantly slamming doors, tearing down papers, etc...

The school was built over her old house, and back in the day she supposedly started a fire that killed two janitors there in the boiler room, not much info on them unfortunately... All I know is that you'll get stuff thrown at you if you go in the boiler room without saying "I'm coming in."

[136]

2009/2008-ish my two mates and I (David and Zac) were playing X-box or having a LAN game at Zac's place being the hardcore 17 year olds that we were. At about 2AM we decided we'd walk to the Maccas that was about 40 minutes away or 25 if we crossed through a graveyard. This graveyard isn't particularly old, it's just messed up because it was pretty ghetto around there and the local bogans would trash the place and ditch their trash in there. The graveyard has one of those loose rock walkways that crossed the whole length of it about a car width with only about 20 meters of paved road at either end.

As we were walking through we stopped because we thought we heard stones crunching behind us. The sound of stones crunching under foot just strolled past us going ahead about 20 meters. We're standing there staring at each other. Then came a sound that I'd describe as the rocks crunching from turning on your heels, then walking toward us.

We were about halfway through this thing. We were freaking out,

frozen in fear. The sound picked up pace as if it started jogging toward us then running. We turned and ran the whole way, hearing the rocks behind us still going even after we vaulted the fence and head back.

We ran the whole way back to Zacs place. Only other thing we saw there were what I can describe as the light from lanterns that weren't casting huge light, just glowing light blues and whites weaving between the trees in the graveyard.

[137]

Never told anyone but my gf about this.

I was about ten years old at home with mum and dad. Nan and granpher come up to visit. It was a lovely evening. They only stayed a couple of hours before getting ready to leave. My mum has always been really formal with seeing people out, so all 5 of us stood in the doorway saying goodbye to nan and granpher.

All of a sudden we here a huge crash coming from in the dining room.

Something huge had fallen down the chimney and knocked the fireplace across the other side of the room, ten feet or so. Dad looks in, then closes the door with all of us outside. We heard thumping noises still shaking the house, like whatever it was, it was trying to climb out of the chimney. We've had birds fly down before, gulls etc., but this noise was much much louder than this.

Mum was telling dad off for some reason, like she knew this would happen. Mum has me in my coat and we were all leaving the house within a minute of the crash. Dad has secured the room with a metal pole through the door handle. I drove off with nan, granpher and mum. Dad stayed to do I don't know what.

Nothing spoken about his incident for years. I ask dad and he says

"Yeah I know, crazy night." I don't mention it around mum at all. In fact, I don't mention again to him and that's it. Weird family secret.

The dining room has weird properties too, since money sticks to walls and the ceiling. Notes, coins anything - just not ordinary metals.

[138]

>be 13
>be going to zoo with mom, grandma, brother, and cousin
>grandma is obsessed with antiques because grandma
>trip is 1 1/2 hours
>stop at a little antiques store
>the only person in there besides us is the owner, an old man with a blue shirt on
>looking around
>walls around store where things are hanging are made of 2x4s with slats in between them
>see a KKK PURPLE GRAND WIZARD ROBE
>thisisweird.jpg
>while I'm looking at it, a hand reaches through one of the slats on the 2x4 wall behind it
>wrinkly old man hand with a red flannel shirt on
>doesn't seem to be trying to grab me, just reaching out
>thought it was someone on the other side trying to get something off the wall
>go around wall to see person
>there's no one there
>nope.jpg

[139]

>late at night
>going to go down the stairs
>pitch black
>turn on the lamp at the stairs (two light bulbs)
>both start to flash like crazy out of sync
>both of them explode
>at the same time they explode, I can see with the dim light from my room that the door to the bathroom flies open
>NOPE.jpg
>run down the stairs
>took a drive to cool off

[140]

>Looking for a new apartment near school
>Find a friend of a friend kind of deal where a dude is looking to get out of his lease
>Supposedly in the military or something, and he's willing to give me the security deposit
>Apartment is sweet
>Have trouble sleeping after the first week
>Wake up in the middle of the night to this terrible sound of grinding coming from the far wall
>Would assume it's the neighbor, but that wall is on the corner of the building
>It starts getting worse and worse
>Literally cannot even sleep in the apartment
>Go to landlord and confront them about it
>Admits that several people have complained about it in the past, but nothing bad has happened in the building (it's fairly new construction)
>Bro of mine hooks me up with a Catholic priest to come bless my apartment cause I'm all freaked out and need to sleep
>When the priest enters the house he just kind of looks around
>Looks me dead in the eye
>"My son, how much do you pay a month for this home?"

>"Uhhhh, like \$700, why?"
>"You should move out today, forego the cost."
>Walks out and doesn't even bless the place

And that is the story oh how I ended up sleeping on my friend's couch for 5 months.

[141]

This one's from Halloween night, 2007.

>15 years old at the time
>with my younger brother (13 years old)
>decide to be the cool, rebellious older brother and instead of trick or treating, take him to pull some pranks
>spend the week before coming up with a solid idea for an original prank just for the occasion, then it hit me
>bro and I pick out the most unsettling masks we could find

We settled on two matching masks that looked like realistic looking pigs' heads, beady eyes, dirty skin and all, they were perfect.

>we put on the masks and go around to different houses peeking in through the windows and then wait...
>inevitably after a few minutes someone in the house would turn, catch a glimpse of us, let out a scream, then we'd piss ourselves laughing and book it onto the next house
>after doing this about 20 times, we reach this small, rusty looking shack of a house
>decide to scare whoever lives there, then call it a night

>we peek into the side window and see an older white lady, wearing a long flowing night gown (it was like midnight, after all) facing the corner away from us
>start giggling out of anticipation

>then she just SNAPS her view right to us
I swear to Christ, she must've turned her head at least 135°
>brother and I jump, but we're not convinced she actually saw us
so we stood our ground
>lady starts hovering toward us

I know that sounds like nonsense, but if someone's walking, you should be able to see their knees move through their clothes, right? But no, this lady's lower half didn't move a centimeter, yet she kept heading toward us.

>after walking about 10 ft, she opens her mouth and this thick, crayon red vomit, gushes out of her mouth
>no reaction, no turning her head or bending over, nothing, just open mouth, vomit, close mouth, keep walking
>realize that this was a bad idea, but by the time that she had her hand on the door knob
>being a stupid 15 year old, I take my brother and hide under the deck in the front side of the house

The house was raised a good 3ft off the ground, and there was a nice hiding spot under the deck.

>brother and I sit there quietly, while the lady walks on the deck above us
>eventually she sits down into a rocking chair on the porch and waits
>every few minutes, look through the tiny cracks in the wood to see if she was still there
>sure enough, she was
>3 hours of crouching under the deck later, we hear her stand up and shuffle back inside
>right before she closes the door, hear her say "Goodnight, Jon, goodnight Devon"
>hearing her say our actual names whenever we live half an hour away and knew nobody there made us lose it
>bro and I run for about 3 miles straight back to my car

[142]

>driving at night near Kings Park Psychiatric
>took some pictures, no moving again
>driving down the road approaching the last active buildings
>see a dark figure crossing the street
>I flash my brights at it, don't want to hit him
>as it crosses in front of me, I see it's just a shadow
>nope and speed off

[143]